THE MONEY TRAIN

Richard Price

OPEN ON:

EXT. OUTER BOROUGH NEW YORK - EARLY 1970'S - DAY

CLOSE ON the mouth of a tunnel, train tracks. We hear the distant rumble of a subway climbing towards daylight.

ANGLE

Two kids, sitting on a low overpass above the open-air tracks, alert to the growing roar.

DAVID
(Kaylor -- 10 years old -- white)
You dare me?

JOHN
(Freeman -- 10 -- black)
I ain't darin' shit ...

David has a devilish cast to his grin, John looks unhappy and tense.

The train explodes out of the mouth, begins its ascent to the elevated part of its journey.

DAVID
(rising, tilting forward as if to leap -- speaks in a taunting sing-song)
I'm go-in'.

JOHN
(loud, over the din)
Cut it out, David!

The train roaring directly under them.

JOHN (contd)
Cut it out! I'm serious!

DAVID
OK ... OK.

David turns as if to climb back over the railing but then he loses his grip.

DAVID (contd)
(terror-stricken)
John!

John bolts upright in a panic as David drops to the train below.

Then instinctually, blindly, thinking to save him, John follows suit.

John landing in a trembling crouch at one end of the racketing train car looking across to ...

David, also in a crouch, at the opposite end of the car; grinning, triumphant, his fall nothing but a scam to get John to jump.

JOHN
(shaken, pissed, yelling over the train din)
I'm gonna kill you!

David responds by scuttling across the roof until he's nose to nose with John and then letting loose with a joyous bellow.

John just glares at him.

David lets loose with another howl raising his arms in victory.

John tries to hold on to his anger but his face is softening, his eyes reflecting the rush of what they just did and the third time David cuts loose John surrenders and joins in with an ecstatic roar of his own.

ANGLE

John and David belly down on top of the train, diggin' the aerial view of their neighborhood, their world.

Coming towards them on the opposing track is a grimy yellow two car train.

JOHN
(shouting over the din)
Lookit that ...

DAVID
(shouting)
That's the Money Train.

JOHN
The what?

DAVID
It takes all the money from the token booths ... like bags of it ... someday I'm gonna rob that bad boy.

JOHN
Yeah, huh? Let me tell you something. If bullshit was dynamite you'd be a A-bomb.

David shrugs, groovin' on the jet stream.

ANGLE

The train rolling in to their home station. The kids on top belly-crawling to the end of the car.

INT. TRAIN CAR

Looking out at the small platform between cars.

WE SEE first David then John drop down from above.

Both of them look wind-swept and high.

DAVID'S POV

He yanks open the sliding car-door and walks nose first into ...

a transit detective: squash-faced, paunchy, wearing a gold shield which hangs from the chest pocket of his crummy sport jacket.

He stares down at them with a jaded yet unforgiving eye. They're fucked.

EXT. WORKING CLASS STREET OF PRIVATE HOMES - 1 HOUR LATER

A Ford Fairlane rolls to a stop in front of a modest house.

The detective struggles to his feet then hauls John out of the back. David starts to exit too.

DETECTIVE
(to David)
You keep your ass glued to that seat ...

The detective walks John to the front door.

John's mother is already standing there.

DETECTIVE (contd)
(to the mother, his hand on John's neck)
You know what train surfing is?

The mother glares at John.

DETECTIVE (contd)
You know how dangerous it is?

JOHN
Mommy, it was David ...

DETECTIVE
(tapping a folded paper stuck)
in John's shirt pocket)
He's got a desk appearance at Juvie Court tomorrow at eleven. You know where Juvie Court is?
(acidic appraising beat)
Sure you do ...

The detective turns back to his car leaving John with his mom.

MOM'S POV

WE SEE David sulking in the car.

MOM
That one's mine too.

DETECTIVE
(confused: white kid
black Mom beat)
You kiddin' me?

MOM
(here we go again)
He's foster ...

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - 30 MINUTES LATER

David slouched on the couch, defiant yet ashamed.

Mom and John are standing at opposite ends of the room nailing him in a stern-look crossfire.

MOM
You're only hurtin' yourself.

JOHN
And me ...

MOM
Johnny, stay out of this ... David, God blessed you with a good mind. I never heard of a boy getting the grades you do without cracking a book. Johnny here kills himself to get the marks you do ...

David shoots John a sly taunting look. John flips him a furtive bird.

MOM (contd)
But then I got to come get you for fighting ... for breakin' windows ... for gambling ...

DAVID
(muttering)
We were playing nok-hockey with a quarter, big deal.

MOM
(softening, touching his knee)
Honey, you got to make some peace with yourself, and you got to do it now. Years to come the world is just gonna get harder and harder for you to deal with and I'm not always gonna be there to help you out.

JOHN
Me neither.

DAVID
(to John, angry, sad)
Shut up.

MOM
David, with all you got, it would break my heart to see you turn out a bum.

David, hurting, closes his eyes.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

15 YEARS LATER

David; a grown man, looking wobbly and fucked up; hair askew.

PULL BACK TO SEE him in all his glory; staggering in place, drunk, disheveled, holding onto a hand rail of a grimy pedestrian ramp somewhere in the bowels of the Times Square subway complex. He's the bum of his foster-mother's nightmares.

Dozens of people pass him by -- grinning, scared, or oblivious.

DAVID
(to the wall)
I don't love you no more ... I don't ... do not ...

A young black passerby hesitates, eyes David, approaches ...

PASSERBY
You OK?

The guy steadies David by gripping his arm. David is wearing a rumpled three piece suit, and sporting a loud gold watch, a large gold ring and a gold medallion hanging from a gold chain.

PASSERBY (contd)
You want help?

And then we hear a soft steady disembodied voice over the scene:

VO
Be advised, we got a maybe player; black, mid-twenties, talkin' to the D, wearin' a Timberland cap and green parka ...

ANGLE

Phone banks <u>above</u> the ramp -- two plainclothes cops hold non-working phones to their ears, but also sport Walkman-like headphones over which they hear ...

VO (contd)
Still talking to the D, still holding his arm. Could be a Samaritan though, he don't look nervous enough ...

ANGLE

The phone banks <u>below</u> the ramp. Two <u>more</u> plainclothes cops, these dressed in Wall St. disguise (business suits, empty briefcases) holding dead phones and listening to the VO over Walkman-like earphones.

VO (contd)
Yeah, OK, he's backing off now, headin' up the ramp, false alarm, false alarm ...

ANGLE

WE SEE David from an elevated view through the slatted grimy vent of an ancient exhaust fan.

He's reeling and lurching but his feet never move, as if he's holding his mark on stage.

REVERSE ANGLE

WE SEE his foster brother John hunched behind that grimy vent eyeing David and speaking softly into a hand held radio. He's in a dimly lit maintenance room, inches from the massive greasy underbelly of an escalator.

JOHN
(the spotter, the VO)
OK, D's all clear ... D's lookin' good.

FEMALE VOICE
(coming in over John's radio)
Johnny, we got two Hispanic males; twenties, a red Hoodie and an Eight Ball, headin' down the ramp. This their second walk-by, so ...

JOHN'S POV

WE SEE them.

JOHN
I got 'em.

ANGLE

David's spot. The two guys slow down eyeing him. The red Hoodie (red sweatshirt with hood) approaches David, whose eyes never rise above knee level.

HOODIE
(soft, solicitous)
Yo, you sick or something?

EIGHT BALL
(wearing leather jacket with 8 ball symbols -- nervous, hanging back)
Yo, let's go, man. I told you I seen this on "Hot Cops." Motherfucker's a decoy ...

HOODIE
(ignoring Eight Ball, lightly patting, caressing David's back, arms)
You sick? You can't stay here, my man. They gonna throw you out.

JOHN (VO)
Be advised, Hoodie's goin' all touchy feely, 8-Ball's kinda hinky, scoping out the scene. It's lookin' like a play. Stand by, stand by.

ANGLE

The cops above ramp, tense, alert, hanging on John's VO commentary coming through their fake Walkman headphones.

ANGLE

David, in a stupor, stepping in place.

HOODIE
(low, intimate, greedy, tense)
You OK? You need help? You a cop? Huh? You a cop?

In response David emits an enormous bull-frog belch and takes a painful flop as if a rug had been yanked from under him.

QUICK CUT TO:

JOHN

wincing in empathy.

HOODIE
(dropping down, continuing his furtive caressing)
You need help? Huh?

He fingers the gold medallion.

David starts to snore.

EIGHT BALL
(dancing in place)
C'mon, man. I never seen no white man wear gold like that. Y'all too stupid to hang with, man, so later for you. Peace. Out.

ANGLE

EIGHT BALL
(stomping down the ramp, muttering to himself)
Motherfucker's so stupid he gonna get hit by a parked car.

He walks past the Wall St.-looking cops still pretending to speak into the payphones.

COP
(low to John on the radio)
He's walkin' by now ...

EIGHT BALL
(to the cop)
Yeah, how's the market today, Ko-jak?

ANGLE

David snoring.

HOODIE
(intimate, love-talk)
You know that's my chain, right? You remember I said to hold it for me? Huh?

He snaps it free, palms it.

JOHN (VO)
(softly)
Hoodie got a slice but he's hangin' in. Gonna eat the whole pie. Nobody go. Nobody go.

QUICK SHOTS OF THE COPS ABOVE AND BELOW THE SCENE

-- like nervous horses at the gate, ready to roll, hanging on John's every word.

ANGLE

HOODIE
(low)
Hey, an' there's my ring.
(sliding it off David's finger)
Yeah, I been lookin' all over for this, thank you ...

ANGLE

JOHN
(to himself; to Hoodie, spying through the slats)
Don't forget the watch, bitch ...

ANGLE

CLOSE ON the watch, slipped off David's wrist.

HOODIE
(patting David down)
Yeah, I'm gonna help you get help ... get you on your feet ... What you gonna do for me?

Hoodie goes into David's pockets, searching, fingers rimming his waist band, reaching behind his back, then stiffening with alarm ... He found something he shouldn't have.

CLOSE ON David -- without going out of character, he quickly signals -- forked fingers drawn down over his eyes.

QUICK CUT TO:

JOHN
(electrified by David's finger-signal, barking into the radio)
Shit! Motown! Motown!

QUICK CUT TO:

Hoodie, bolting upright, gawking with dismay at the gun he plucked from David's back.

QUICK CUT TO:

The up-ramp plainclothes cops guns drawn, hittin' it.

QUICK CUT TO:

The Wall Street down-ramp cops -- guns drawn, hittin' it.

QUICK CUT TO:

John scrambling out of the maintenance room, gun drawn, clambering down stairs.

QUICK CUT TO:

David still snoring, still in character, bluffing it out.

QUICK CUT TO:

Hoodie standing there with this goddamn unwanted gun, the cops converging from above and below, then Hoodie takes his only move -- grabbing David by the hair, yanking him upright, the gun under his chin.

EVERYBODY
(screeching to a halt)
Whoa! Whoa!

DAVID
(calm, coming out of character)
Use your head, yo ...

HOODIE
(scared, freaked)
Naw. I'm gonna use your head! What you do to me!

SGT. O'RILEY
(one of the up-ramp cops)
C'mon, kid ... it's just a bullshit chain snatch ...

ERIN
(female, Irish, the other up-ramp cop)
Don't make it more ...

HOODIE
Shut up!

He backs to the ramp railing, gestures for the Wall St.-looking down-ramp cops to join the others above him so that he has a clear shot at running away down the low end.

Around the corner, John is easing his way down from his surveillance roost, unseen by Hoodie.

HOODIE
(arm around David's throat)
All y'all up the ramp and out the station.

DAVID
(to Hoodie)
Play it cool, now.

HOODIE
I'll show you cool ...

The cops grudgingly back up, almost out of sight.

Hoodie, his forearm around David's neck, gun under David's chin, starts backing up; one, two steps, right into the muzzle of John's gun, which is now nestled in the back of Hoodie's head.

JOHN
(softly)
Easy ...

HOODIE
(immobile, as if in a neck brace)
Yo ... you do what you got to do, I'm gonna do what I got to do.

JOHN
(soothingly)
C'mon, don't be like that ...

HOODIE
I ain't goin' back upstate, man, so do what you got to do, see what happens next ...

DAVID
John ... don't fuck with him.

John stands there, gun to Hoodie's head, Hoodie's gun under David's chin. Now what ...

HOODIE
(to John)
I'll make it easy for you. When I get to three? Everybody gonna squeeze one off, awright?

DAVID
Shit ...

JOHN
(desperate, struggling for casual tone)
Hey, I don't care. Nobody got a gun to my head ...

HOODIE
Well, good for you ... One ... two ...

JOHN
(stepping back)
Whoa! OK! OK!

HOODIE
Leave the gun, get up there with them others ...

John does as he's told; five cops now standing there helpless at the top of the ramp.

HOODIE (contd)
Throw your pieces over the side.

The cops grudgingly toss their guns over the railing of the zig-zagging multi-layered ramp. We hear them land a few levels below.

Then coming towards the low end of the ramp are a dozen tourists, all with suitcases, making their way from the Port Authority bus terminal to the subways.

Hoodie hides his gun in the small of David's back. He lets the tourists pass him, walking up the ramp, then shoves/nudges David towards them.

HOODIE (contd)
Get in front of them.

David gets ahead of them so that this small out-of-town army is between him and Hoodie. Hoodie waits until the tourists are almost to the other cops, then ...

HOODIE (contd)
(yelling)
Look out! Motherfucker's got a gun!

Hoodie fires into the crowd, killing a suitcase.

The tourists panic, running every whichaway, a living, breathing obstacle course for the cops, who lose precious seconds as Hoodie bolts down to the lower ramp levels.

CLOSE ON David, almost high-jumping the panicked people in pursuit of Hoodie.

CLOSE ON Hoodie, tearing ass down the ramp, knocking over a porter, hurdling the scatter of guns, heading for the lower level train platform.

CLOSE ON David, approaching the scatter of weapons, picking up a .38 without breaking stride.

CLOSE ON John, doing the same, the rest of the decoy squad close behind.

Hoodie sees them on his tail and fires into the ceiling, sending another flock of people running interference, stampeding the pursuing cops.

LOWER TRAIN LEVEL

Couple dozen people on the platform, oblivious to the drama heading their way, including ...

PETERSON AND SLOAN

-- middle-aged, heavy-set transit employees. They both carry canvas bags in each hand and sport visible .38's on their hips. They're Revenue Collection Agents transporting the proceeds of some of the upstairs token booths, waiting for

THE MONEY TRAIN

pulling into the station. It looks the same as years ago: two yellow cars, no windows, except on the caboose. It's covered with steel wire. Brakes squeal. Only one door opens.

People hesitate, confused, a rare sight.

CONDUCTOR
No passengers.

Peterson enters, squeezing in past the conductor.

Brief glimpse inside the car -- it's gutted of everything save one bench. There's a safe, a desk, money bags on the floor, two other agents.

Sloan begins to enter, when a shot is heard from the stairs above the platform; Hoodie trying to start another stampede.

Sloan freezes, as Hoodie comes barreling down the stairs, gun in hand.

People scatter in panic. It looks like Hoodie is heading right for the Money Train.

Sloan, scared, fumbles with his gun but before he can fire -- Hoodie leaps off the platform into the blackness of the tracks.

But then here comes David, running, gun in hand and this time, Sloan can somewhat react.

He drops into a crouch drawing a bead.

David sees him, fumbles for his shield, tries to skid to a halt.

DAVID
I'm on the job!

But it's too late. Sloan fires and David slides under an exploding pocket of tile and cement. David, cursing, recovering his momentum, moves on.

Sloan, frozen in his shooter's crouch. He's possibly going to squeeze off another round, but John, coming on his blind side, shoulders him into the Money Train.

David, trailing curses, disappears into the black tunnel in hot pursuit of Mister Hoodie Man.

John sprints across the platform to follow David into the tunnel.

The Sarge, O'Riley, has to hold back the rest of his squad from following.

O'RILEY
Freeman!

But John, swallowed by the black of the tunnel, doesn't answer.

O'Riley drags a mobile phone from his pocket. Sloan moves closer, opens his mouth ...

O'RILEY (contd)
(to Sloan)
Stay the fuck away from me ...

Sloan stops. O'Riley holds the mobile to his ear.

INT. RTO COMMAND

Huge room, a dozen dispatchers sitting at consoles facing a room length board-mounted map of all three N.Y.C. subway lines; blue lights twinkling on and off marking the progress of moving trains.

CLOSE ON one console, the dispatcher Bobby Zioli: overweight, baby faced, his first night on the job. A speaker rings at his station.

ZIOLI
(blinky)
Hello?
(then correcting himself)
RTO Command ...

INTERCUT DISPATCHERS

in RTO Command and an extremely agitated O'Riley. O'Riley shouting in his mobile:

O'RILEY
This is Sergeant Chris O'Riley. Badge number one-three-six. Decoy Unit Two. We have an emergency here, shots fired.

ZIOLI
(freaked)
Oh shit ...

O'RILEY
(taken aback)
What you say?

Kowalski, the RTO supervisor, removes Zioli from the console, takes over.

KOWALSKI
This is the RTO supervisor ... What can I do you for, Sarge.

ZIOLI
(defensive, to the other dispatchers)
It's my first night.

O'RILEY
(frustrated)
We have an emergency here. Shots fired. I have two police officers in pursuit. They just entered the northbound tunnel at the 42nd Street station. F line. Bottom level. I want all trains in that tunnel stopped. Now!

KOWALSKI
(glancing at big board)
I show a Revenue Train standing at the 42nd Street platform. What --

O'RILEY
That sonofabitch ain't goin' nowhere. You just gotta stop everything else moving in the northbound tunnel. My men --

KOWALSKI
I'm on it.

Kowalski hangs up. Picking up another phone. Barking at Zioli:

KOWALSKI (contd)
Get the Revenue Train's motorman on the radio. I want a status report.
(pointing)
The call numbers are there on the board.
(acidic)
Do you think you can handle that?

ZIOLI
(under his breath)
You don't have to yell ..

Kowalski punching in another number.

CUT TO:

DONALD PATTERSON

Transit Authority bureaucrat, mid-fifties. He's dead asleep, his wife curled up beside him. The phone by the bed rings. Patterson glances at a clock.

PATTERSON
(irritated; on phone)
What ...
(sitting up)
He did what? No. No. No ... I'm goin' down there myself ...

CUT TO:

O'RILEY

On the 42nd Street platform, on the phone to his supervisor. A dozen uniformed transit cops in the background control a burgeoning crowd. Sloan tentatively sidles up to O'Riley.

SLOAN
I thought they were gonna hit the train, I swear ...

O'RILEY
(to Erin)
Get this trigger-happy prick away from me.

MONEY TRAIN CONDUCTOR
Hey chief, we got a schedule ...

O'RILEY
You just stay the fuck where you are ...

CUT TO:

JOHN

running in the tunnel, pausing every few seconds to listen. Very gloomy down here; occasional bulbs, eerie shadows, sweating concrete. John's adrenalin is pumping, his breath mushrooming from his mouth.

Every thirty yards, he passes a shallow alcove, no more than six inches deep and hewn from glistening rock. He stops suddenly, staring up the tracks which turn to the right. He's wracked with cold, feeling way out on a limb.

JOHN
(to himself)
Where you at, David ...

CUT TO:

DAVID

farther up the tracks, running full tilt. He skids to a stop, comes to a vast underground maintenance room dimly lit by work lights. He peers round floor to ceiling pilings, some subway

cars, work benches. David sprints between the pilings. Entering

THE MAINTENANCE ROOM

Two-fisting his snubby, trying to cover himself. His breath is visible in the cold. Scanning the room, he notices from behind a six-foot high stack of electrical circuit panels, continuous curling wisps of vapor, like someone's tense exhalations in this meat-locker cold.

CUT TO

JOHN

in the tunnel, running, then slowing to a jog, a walk, coming to a storage area. He hears snuffling, murmurs. Holding his snubby just like David, he wheels quickly into the space getting the drop on ...

A half dozen homeless people, all asleep wrapped in filthy blankets, save for one woman, who just stares expressionlessly at him and his gun.

Behind him, a south bound train blasts through the tunnel drowning out everything but the dead look in her eyes. John moves on.

CUT TO:

DAVID

Motionless in the frigid room, eyes on the vaporous exhalations, making his move, silently inching towards the stack of circuit panels then suddenly <u>lunging</u>, bulling the panels so that they topple over onto whoever is using them for cover.

David in a crouch drawing down on ...

A faulty radiator spewing steam. Shit.

HOODIE (VO)
(behind David)
Over here ...

David, disgusted with himself, doesn't even bother to turn around, just slowly places his gun on the ground.

HOODIE (contd)
Turn around, motherfucker.

David turns to see Hoodie, bug-eyed, winded, looking like a hunted animal.

HOODIE (contd)
Lookit me. Lookit what you done to me! And all I ever did was snatch your shitty shit. I din't even want that stuff. That ain't even legal what you did. That's like enrapturement.

DAVID
(fighting down a grin)
Enrapturement?

HOODIE
You think that's funny?
(cocking the piece)
Laugh at this ...

Hoodie's gonna squeeze one off. Never makes it as a two by four slams him in the face dropping him backwards, the gun discharging, killing a work bench.

John is on him, wild-eyed, clothes torn, flipping Hoodie over, straddling his back, slipping on cuffs.

David comes around, squats in front of Hoodie's face.

DAVID
The word is entrapment, which this is not. It's as legal as shit. We got a 91 percent conviction rate.

JOHN
Ninety two with you, stupid.

DAVID
(to Hoodie)
What the hell is wrong with you? Didn't you see us on TV last month? We had like a whole half hour on "Hot Cops." Very well done too.

JOHN
(patting Hoodie's cheek)
Or were you too busy watchin' "Robin Byrd" ...

INT. PLATFORM AREA

Patterson, looking sleep-rumpled and plenty pissed, wading through a mob of police ignoring O'Riley and company heading directly for the Money Train and Sloan.

ANGLE

WE SEE coming out of the tunnel David and John with Hoodie

cuffed between them. The decoy squad barks out their support and relief. David and John take bows.

ANGLE

Patterson heading over from Sloan to the decoy squad.

PATTERSON
(curt)
Who's O'Riley?

O'RILEY
(prickled by the suit, the attitude)
Who wants to know?

PATTERSON
Donald Patterson, Chief Collections Officer, Revenue Division.

O'RILEY
(eyes registering the name)
You're Patterson?

PATTERSON
That train is under my direct command. That train is mine. My train, my people, my money. No one but no one can dictate the movement of that train without my input. Am I making myself clear to you?

O'Riley just gives him a thousand yard stare, not daring to mouth off like he'd like to. This Patterson oozes political connection.

PATTERSON (contd)
I got collection agents exposed on three four stations by now holding anywheres between thirty and one hundred thousand dollars waiting to get picked up. How dare you put my men at risk.

O'RILEY
Put your men at risk?

ANGLE

John and David climbing back on the platform, handing off Hoodie to Erin and the others.

David casually strolls over to the Money Train, walks up to Sloan, and clocks him with a roundhouse that drops the hapless bastard to his knees.

Then he heads to O'Riley and the outraged Patterson.

DAVID
(happy, high)
Oh!

PATTERSON
Who the hell are you ...

DAVID
(adrenalized, edge-man)
Who the hell am I ... who the fuck are you?
(giving Patterson's threads a contemptuous up and down)
You're not even on the job.
(to O'Riley)
He's not even on the job. This is a police matter. He shouldn't even fuckin' be here.

O'Riley signals to John, who comes up to hustle David out of the nuclear explosion zone.

As John shoves/walks David out of earshot, David is still rage-babbling.

CLOSE ON Patterson as we hear David rant OS:

DAVID (OS)
Who the fuck am I ... Get him the fuck out of here.

Patterson stares after David as if he's contemplating what a lovely ashtray the top half of his skull would make.

PATTERSON
(icily, re: David)
Your man there ... he's a little unhinged, no?

O'RILEY
(containing his rage)
Well, in all fairness ...

Patterson walks away, not interested.

ANGLE

John corralling David alongside the Money Train.

JOHN
(low, scolding)
What you fuckin' with the Man for?

DAVID
(waving Patterson off)
Fuck him ...

JOHN
Naw, man, it's more like, fuck you, 'cause that guy goes like this
(wiggles five fingers)
five people die in Oklahoma. Don't you read the papers? He's gonna be the new city comptroller, man, write all the checks from the city checkbook. The guy's like asshole buddies with the mayor so really, it's like ... fuck you.

DAVID
(grinning, looking past John)
Look at him, look at him, he's giving me the thousand yard stare.
(he blows a kiss to Patterson; low)
Asshole ...

JOHN
(not daring to look at Patterson)
Man, you're gettin' your balls in a bear trap again.

DAVID
So? You'll find some way to bail me out, right?

JOHN
(stiffly)
Not me. No more. That shit's over.

DAVID
This time you mean it, huh?
(shifting gears, eyeing the Money Train interior through one of the windows)
Smell ...
(David starts sniffing)
I'd say ... three hundred thousand in there ... maybe four ...

JOHN
Don't start ...

DAVID
Check it out. I'm gonna make me a ghost train. You know how you do that? Move this bad boy (Money Train) out of the
(MORE)

DAVID (contd)
station, run back on the tracks, stick a beer can on one of those.
(he points to an insulation joint painted orange, on the tracks)
That's an insulation joint, you put any kind of steel on that? It lights up one of the blue lights on the big board, just like a train would ... everybody down at RTO thinks it's the Money Train, still in the station ...

JOHN
(low)
David, this ain't the time ...

DAVID
You do that, it's gonna throw red lights all the way back down the line, stop everything from moving on, all the other trains waitin' for the beer can to move on out, make its next pick up, OK? Meanwhile the real Money Train's completely off the board. You know where we are?

JOHN
(despite himself)
Where ...

DAVID
About a quarter-mile to the next station, right under an emergency exit. We got the motorman tied up, we're tossin' off money bags like a bastard, OK? Nothing's movin', nothing's comin', everybody all hung up on that beer-can-ghost-train. OK, now, we get what we want? We put a money bag, a sledge hammer or something on the master controller, train starts moving out, 8, 10 miles an hour. All's you need is twenty pounds of pressure on the dead man's key for the thing to roll. Now ... this time of night? What's it, 3 a.m.? There's next to no trains out there. The Money Train's got fifteen maybe twenty minutes free track before it comes up on another train, trips a signal and stops on its own. Fifteen, twenty minutes, we're halfway to Santo Domingo ...

JOHN
A beer can'd do that?

DAVID
A beer can, silver foil, a key, any kind of metal ... bridges the circuit, makes the blue light happen on the board, stops everyting behind you.

JOHN
Where'd you get this shit from?

DAVID
Kay Sean.

JOHN
Who?

DAVID
That 15 year old train-nut in my building. I told you about him.

JOHN
(smiling in amazement)
Kay Sean. What the hell kind of name is that? Whatever happened to names like Pete, Joe. Everybody's like Kay Sean, Cham Pagne, Emphysema, Rolondo ...

David loudly sniffs the Money Train again.

JOHN (contd)
And stop sniffin' the god-damn Money Train.

DAVID
(crooning softly, "People Get Ready")
People get ready, there's a train a-comin'
Don't need no ticket, you just get on board.

ANGLE

Patterson at another point on the platform, lizard-eyeing David as we hear:

DAVID
(singing to John)
All you ne-ed is faith, to hear the diesels hum-min ...
Don't need no bag-gage, to praise the Lord ...

EXT. BLEAK WINTER DAWN - SUBWAY EXIT ONTO OUTER BOROUGH STREET

John and David trudging up from the hole. The ash grey street

is strung with Xmas decorations. A Santa mannequin stares out at them from the window display of a lay-a-way discount baby furniture store. Another store front sports a big poster of the newly elected mayor, the legend, "First, The People" over his balding head.

As they talk, they walk:

JOHN
OK ... So where's your exit hatch?

DAVID
Between 96 and 110 on the CC. You use the third ladder going north out of 96th Street you come out right in Central Park. You could herd cattle up there that time of night, nobody'd notice.

JOHN
Nope. No good. You know how deep you are right there? You're ten stories down under the street. How you gonna get your money bags up, rocket ship?

DAVID
(shrugging)
I'll winch 'em up.

JOHN
Oh yeah? Who's up top?

DAVID
Some guys. They can set up a fake Con Ed work station, load the shit in a Con Ed van. Nobody looks twice at Con Ed holes.

JOHN
Some guys. How many we got now ... me, you, the collection agents, the TA cop on board, now a fake Con Ed crew?

DAVID
Maybe we should get the motorman in on it too. There's gonna be enough for everybody.

JOHN
(shaking his head)
You need a shallow exit hatch. Shallow and isolated, otherwise ...

DAVID
Shallow and isolated ... just like you, huh?

JOHN
That's good ... I like that ... just like me.

They arrive at their cars; John's a three year old import, David's a ten year old Caddy.

JOHN (contd)
Awright, man, I'll see you in class.

DAVID
(wincing)
Yeah, I don't think I can make it today. I got all this shit to do in the building.

JOHN
Hey, don't start fuckin' up now. The test's in like two days.

DAVID
Aw I don't give a shit. I don't even wanna be a sergeant.

JOHN
What, you like bein' down in the hole all the time? You like blowin' steel dust out your nose every day? Or maybe you just don't want the extra pay ...

DAVID
You sound just like Mom, you know that? Look, you wanted me to go into the Transit Police with you, I went. You wanted me to take the study group for the sergeant test? I'm takin' it. I'm takin' the test. So ... why don't you just save some time and give me a list of all the things I got to do in the next twenty years, I'll pin it up to my refrigerator, save you a lot of wind.

JOHN
(getting in his car)
You just make it to class today.

DAVID
(getting in his car)
See ya, Ma ...

EXT. DAVID AND JOHN'S CHILDHOOD HOME (NOW JOHN'S HOUSE) - 30 MINUTES LATER

There's a Xmas wreath on the door. A string of Xmas lights trim the roof and porch, a big plastic Santa and reindeers in the front yard.

WE SEE a five year old, Little David, named after Big David, playing on the front steps, John walking up, casually scooping his son under one arm carrying him into the house like a football.

INT. THE KITCHEN

John's wife Edie making breakfast. She's a Public Defender and she's dressed for work.

They kiss then John chugs O.J. directly from the pitcher. In the background WE SEE a big Xmas tree in the living room.

LITTLE DAVID
Uh-oh, look what Daddy do.

JOHN
No ... it's "Look what Daddy done."
(correcting himself)
"Has done."
(beat)
"What Daddy did." Something like that ...

EDIE
Johnny ... the contractors' bids all came in last night? The lowest is forty thousand and that's not including the roof repairs.

JOHN
Forget it, I'll do it myself ... I'll do it with David.

EDIE
(bustling to leave)
Yeah? How much would David charge?

John's mother comes into the kitchen, takes the kid from under his arm.

MOM
You let your daddy get some sleep ...

JOHN
Hey, Mom.
(kiss; to wife)
How much would he charge? Nothin'. You don't charge family. You let them
(MORE)

JOHN (contd)
exploit you for free ...
(beat)
Forty thousand ... Jesus ...

EXT. GRIM WELFARE AND WORKING CLASS APARTMENT HOUSE BLOCK IN THE BRONX - SAME TIME

David getting out of his beat up Caddy, heading for one of the buildings.

Coming out of the building is a black, 15-year-old kid heading for school, Kay Sean. He's dressed all in denim like a junior motorman. He wears glasses.

DAVID
Kay Sean, my man, what's the what ...

KAY SEAN
Yeah, David. I got a new idea for you. Once you finished getting the money off the train? You got to bleed the air from the brakes. This way they can't move it. It'll take 'em twenty minutes to recharge, get all that air pressure back. That's like an extra twenty minutes they can't get nothing rolling.

DAVID
How you do that?

KAY SEAN
Aw man, like a million ways. You cut the wire on the S-16 governor in the compressor cradle, you got the J-handle on the cut out cock, you got the break release under the starred seat designators, a million ways ...

DAVID
I can't believe they teach you this shit in school.

KAY SEAN
They don't teach me this shit in school. They don't teach me nothin' in school. I just go there to humor my mother, man.

DAVID
I want to talk to you later, OK? I want you to translate all that stuff into English for me, OK? And I got some other shit I got to ask you too ...

Kay Sean waves off and David enters the building.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY

It's old Art Deco from the 1930s; once nice, now shabby and tired (but not dirty). A dinky Xmas tree stands by the mailbox alcove.

David bypasses the elevator, heads downstairs from the lobby to

THE BASEMENT

Shadowy, long corridor.

David walking, searching for keys.

He sees a shadow thrown from around a corner ahead of him. He stops. He hears a faint noise, a sniff, a shuffle of feet then nothing.

He takes out his gun, inches forward then turns the corner grabbing a man by the shirt, the gun to his forehead.

The guy is speechless, terrified, his mouth working like a beached fish. He's middle aged, wearing drab but decent clothes.

He's got a document in his trembling hand.

FRIGHTENED GUY
David Kaylor?

David snatches the paper, reluctantly withdrawing his weapon.

CLOSE ON document. It's a lien against his salary for failure to maintain alimony payments.

FRIGHTENED GUY (contd)
(exiting fast)
It's from your ex-wife.

DAVID
(to himself)
Which one ...

ANGLE

Mud-brown basement door, "Superintendent" painted over the peek hole.

David entering.

Two big barren rooms -- a bed, a dresser, one wall covered with commendation plaques from the Transit Police. Shirts and slacks hang on a laundry line bisecting one of the rooms.

David tosses the lien notice on a small rickety formica dining table that holds a potted miniature Xmas tree encircled with similar lien notices from two other ex-wives.

David flops face down on his bed, sleeps.

INT. JOHN'S KITCHEN - EARLY AFTERNOON

John is alone with his mother.

JOHN
I love him, but ... I'm tired of carrying him ...

MOM
Maybe he's tired of the same thing. And let me tell you something ... if you spent the first six years of your life with the family he had? Most people wouldn't ever survive coming from a people like that.
(beat)
Sometimes I don't think you give your brother enough credit for what he's made of himself.

JOHN
It's just ... It's like he's daring me to help him out sometimes ... It's like he'll mess up, just to see what I'm gonna do about it. I mean hell, it's his life ...

MOM
That's right.

JOHN
But ...

John fumes, trying to wrestle with it for the millionth time.

INT. AN APARTMENT IN DAVID'S BUILDING

David's hanging half-out of a window in a bedroom. He's installing child-guards as a young woman (Alma) watches. The walls are covered with a child's drawings of Santa, Xmas trees, and the Baby Jesus.

DAVID
(slipping back in, finished)
This is good ... this way Jose can't fall out and the crackheads can't fall in ...

ALMA
David, I got another problem.

DAVID
What's that ...

ALMA
I had to pay tuition for his school last week, so I'm like ...

DAVID
(shrugging)
So give me the rent after New Year's ... I'll put you down as paid for December, give you a receipt just in case ... the guy don't know what's goin' on, he don't even look at the books.

ALMA
David ... how can I thank you?

DAVID
(flirting)
Invite me up for coffee some time.

ALMA
(after a beat)
How 'bout right now?

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - 4 P.M.

A retired transit detective is conducting a study group for transit cops taking the sergeant's exam.

There's a big gaudy Xmas tree in a corner of the room, a dozen folding chairs, eleven cops. No David.

John sits there, half listening, glaring at the empty chair. Fucking David.

INSTRUCTOR
OK ... You get a call, there's a man under the train ... You arrive on the scene, what's the first thing you do ... Bronfman.

BRONFMAN
Well, you try to determine if it was accidental or criminal. If it's criminal, you secure the crime scene, you isolate the area, you detain witnesses, you request emergency services, a duty captain and detectives.

INSTRUCTOR
Wrong ... What do you do first ... Freeman.

JOHN
(pissed at David, answering distractedly)
See if the guy's still alive ...

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DINNERTIME

The front door. Ding dong. John's son Little David opens.

There's David, his uncle, loaded down with Xmas gifts. Big squeal of joy. But David's not alone. He's taken it on himself to invite along today's girlfriend, Alma and her six-year-old son Jose.

John comes to the door, does a double-take on seeing Alma and Jose. David never said anything about bringing them, whoever they are.

JOHN
(controlling himself)
Hey ...

DAVID
John, this is Alma, and this is Jose.

ALMA
(shy, awkward, yet taken aback)
You're his brother?

Mom comes to the door. David puts his arm around Mom and answers the question in Alma's eyes.

DAVID
(hugging his mom)
John's adopted ...

MOM
David, you should've told us ... we don't have any gifts for ...

DAVID
(gently pushing Alma to his mom)
They're here for the spirit.

ALMA
(embarrassed)
I'm really sorry, I thought David told you ...

MOM
Please, there's lots of food ...

The mother ushers Alma and Jose inside, Jose transfixed by the Xmas tree.

DAVID
(low to John)
Her husband's in Rikers but she's good people. She's holding down two jobs, so you know ... I thought ...

JOHN
You thought? That's a new one.

DAVID
Seasons greetings to you too, shithead.

JOHN
It's called a telephone.

DAVID
(grabbing his arm)
Hey ... Columbus Circle, northbound on the IRT local.

JOHN
What?

DAVID
Shallow, isolated ... only two stories down, the exit comes up just inside the southwest corner of Central Park ...

JOHN
Not tonight, OK?

DAVID
Not tonight ... You sound like my ex-wife ... wives.

ANGLE - THE DINNER TABLE

Everybody around. Alma sitting next to David yakking away.

ALMA
Our street? It's the worst, but our building? It's the only one on the block you don't have to worry about drug dealers. David here, he's like the Sheriff, you know? The street gives him respect, because he knows how to keep the animals in line without making them feel dissed.

EDIE (JOHN'S WIFE)
(amused)
The Sheriff, huh?

ALMA
I tell you, he takes care of us ...
(she puts her hand over David's)
And we take care of him.

JOHN
(eyeing the contact)
What's that mean?

ALMA
You know,
(beat)
help him with his laundry and stuff ...

EXT. HOUSE - AFTER DINNER

David, Alma and Jose getting into David's Caddy. John walks them out. It's brutally cold.

DAVID
You know what I did all afternoon? I was like three hours fixing a goddamn boiler in the building.

JOHN
Yeah? Well, now that you're all loosened up, we got a ton of stuff around here needs work too. It's like everything that holds water got a crack in it. Roof's all fucked up ...

DAVID
No problem. I'll come by this weekend. Hey ... you hear about the rate hike on New Year's?

JOHN
Yeah ...

DAVID
So you know what's gonna happen New Year's Eve, right? Everybody's gonna hoard tokens. Buy as many as they can afford at the old price. Can you imagine how heavy the Money Train's gonna be that night?

JOHN
Millions.

DAVID
I figure at least ten, maybe as much as twenty.

JOHN
Jesus ... twenty million ... shit, man, give me some a that I'd donate this house to science, buy us a hotel.

DAVID
Nah, nah. I'm telling you, man, next stop Santo Domingo ... get out of this freakin' weather for the rest of my life ... Alma's from down there, you know what she says? You bring down fifty large? You can live like a goddamn emperor for three years.

JOHN
I like the snow.

DAVID
So we're hittin' the Money Train New Year's Eve, right? In and out, like the Shadow ...

JOHN
Sounds good.
(beat)
And oh, not that I give a shit either way but ... you gonna show up for the test tomorrow, right?

DAVID
(devilish, torturing)
Maybe I be there, and den again ...

JOHN
Fuck you ...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - NEXT DAY

CLOSE ON empty chair in a room full of TA cops about to take the test. Fucking David again, John going nuts.

EXAM PROCTOR
OK, gentlemen, break the red seals and begin ...

Tearing sounds. The door flies open. David, breathless, sliding into the empty seat, winking at John.

John shakes his head in exasperation.

ANGLE - MID-EXAM

John writing away. Senses something in the air. Looks up -- David is trying to peek at his answers. John curves r hand

around his paper to hide his work. Very Junior High School-like.

ANGLE - LATER IN THE EXAM

John working away as is everybody else.

David's chair scrapes back. David rising and dropping his exam on the front desk, shrugging to John, first to leave the room.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN

David shivering hunched up waiting for John, exiting the exam.

DAVID
It's fuckin' freezing ...

They walk as they talk. They're heading to the Herald Square area.

JOHN
You finished fast.

DAVID
Look, I did what you said. I took the test and tried hard as I could. I'm just glad it's over. The end.
(beat)
How about you?

JOHN
I did good. This time I think I did good.

DAVID
Bull-shit you did good. You aced the fucking thing. You been studying your balls off.

JOHN
C'mon, man. 62 guys took that test.

DAVID
Yeah, so? They're gonna make five sergeants. You're in like Flynn, man. I can smell it.

They enter a bar between 6th and 7th Avenue in the West Thirties -- The Carriage House.

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE

Clubby, decent decor -- a cop bar.

David and John nursing beers. A wall mounted TV blasts the news.

DAVID
(working the math on a cocktail napkin)
Five out of sixty-two ... that's like, one of twelve, John, that's almost too easy to worry about.

The owner, a tall statuesque woman, Meg, comes behind the bar.

MEG
You guys comin' New Year's Eve? Open bar, smorgasbord, the whole nine yards ... just like last year ... fifty bucks a head.

JOHN
Just like last year ... you gonna be playing Grand Funk Railroad all night? Just like last year?

MEG
Three Dog Night.

JOHN
(smiling)
There you go ...

DAVID
Fifty dollars ... will you take a check?

MEG
(squawking with laughter)
From you?

JOHN
(eyeing the TV)
David ... check it out ...

CLOSE ON TV

WE SEE Donald Patterson being interviewed about the new rate hike.

PATTERSON
Look, we did everything we could to fend off a rate hike, but reality is reality so ...

DAVID
(flicking a pretzel nugget at the TV)
This fuckin' guy ...

INTERVIEWER (ON TV)
A dollar seventy-five ... ouch!

PATTERSON
Well, yeah, but with all the improvements we've sunk into the system, this last year? I'd say even at a dollar seventy-five, a subway ride is still one of the best bangs for the buck in town.

DAVID
(to the room)
Bang this ...

All the cops at the bar laugh and jeer, a few throwing pretzel nuggets at the screen.

INTERVIEWER
(to the TV audience)
Best bangs for buck? Let's ask some commuters ...

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CARRIAGE HOUSE

John and David at the urinal.

DAVID
OK ... I been thinking. We bridge the circuit with the beer can or something, make everybody think we're still in the station, right? Now ... you know how we even buy more time? We uncouple the cars, voila ... now we got two Money Trains. We finish throwing off the bags, this is what we do last. We bleed the air brakes on the first car with the cut off cock both the main supply and the reservoir supply, throw a weight on the dead man's key, first car starts rolling, it's got no brakes ...

JOHN
You don't even need to bleed the air ... all's you got to do is pull the J-handle right under the car. You lose all your air in ten seconds.

DAVID
Very good, John ... Kay Sean said that too. How'd you know that?

JOHN
(reproachful)
It was on the test.

DAVID
(blushing)
Huh ...

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE CARRIAGE HOUSE

David and John exiting.

DAVID
... so now you got this runaway train, man ... rolling right past the collection agents waiting on the stations, tripping signals ... the tower goes "oh shit," they throw the ball, try to trigger the breaks? Nothing happening ... that's like a crisis, you know? Fuck the guys in the tunnel winching up the money. Only way that car is gonna stop is by collision. Plus you got the rear car still sitting there blocking anything coming up behind.

JOHN
What you mean, collision. We always said no one gets hurt ...

DAVID
Yeah, well I'll ask my associate about that ...

JOHN
Why don't you leave that kid alone ... agitating his head with this shit ...

DAVID
Kay Sean? He loves this stuff.

JOHN
You want to do something nice for the kid? Why don't you get him a girlfriend, stop him thinkin' about trains all the time.

DAVID
(writing on his palm)
Get ... Kay Sean ... laid ...

JOHN
And no runaway trains.

DAVID
(writing)
No ... runaway ... trains.

They arrive at John's car.

DAVID
Give me a ride? My short died of over-exposure on the Bronx River Parkway ... that's why I was late.

EXT/INT. JOHN DRIVING DAVID HOME

JOHN
Yeah, an' let me get back to square one on something else ... How we gonna get on the train to begin with? Like, who's the inside man? You always start out with us tying up the motorman like all the collection agents are all gonna be helping an' shit.

DAVID
I'm trying to get a hold of the Revenue Train personnel sheet. We gotta know somebody on that run ...

JOHN
You trying what?
(laughs)
You serious? Yo, David, this is a game, right? I mean we're just playin' with this, right? Like we always do?

David is silent.

JOHN (contd)
Right?

DAVID
Right ...

JOHN
What ...

DAVID
Let me ask you something ... The other night, nailing that mope, having a gun to my head, you gettin' your jaw broke last year... What's that worth, a job like that ... You think the envelope we get is equal to shit we put up with?

JOHN
Don't be a jerk ...

DAVID
You like living in that haunted house? Water, water, everywhere ... your mother, your son. It's a rat-trap, right? It was a rat-trap when I was living there. And even with your new sergeant's pay, what are you gonna do? Where you gonna move?

JOHN
I ain't gonna steal to make ends meet, I know that ...

DAVID
I got half my paycheck goin' to three different women all hate my guts ... I'm up to my tits in low lifes, on and off the job ... Let me ask you ... Little David you gonna send him to private school, right?

John doesn't answer.

DAVID (contd)
No? You gonna let him go to PS 64 round the corner then, huh? So what are you gonna do, give him extra money for the muggers or are you just gonna give him your service revolver, teach him how to defend himself ...

They pull onto David's grim block.

JOHN
(growing angry)
OK ... Let's loot the Money Train, no problem.

DAVID
I mean what is stealing ...

JOHN
Taking money or property that don't belong to you ... how's that?

DAVID
(nodding to his building)
The people around here? They work fuckin' hard, most of them ... but they don't make much money, and sometimes they got to hustle. I got a factory worker livin' on the fifth floor can build you a cable descrambler, you plug it in, watch all the channels you want

DAVID (contd)
without the big bill. I got a lady on three, she's a nurse, you give her two days notice she can get you half a dozen cartons of any kind of cigarettes you like. The candy store on the corner? He takes bets, sports, numbers, whatever. And he pays out without a fuss. Sometimes he's got new sneakers or sport jackets for sale in the back room fell off a truck. Pick yourself up a pair of Reeboks for half price ... I mean these are all good, hardworking people with families ... It ain't stealin', it's hustling, it's making ends meet ... it's life.

JOHN
Who the fuck are you to lecture me ...

DAVID
Hey ... all's I'm sayin' is, there's a lot more grey out there than black and white.
(beat)
Do me a favor, drive around the corner. I want to show you something.

JOHN
(rolls out, muttering)
That's life ...

John drives around the corner. There's young hooded men hanging out in front of a deserted building.

DAVID
(slouched down in his seat, so the street can't see him)
Stop the car.

David leaps out and pounces on a young guy who sees him too late. As David struggles to physically corral the kid, Kay Sean, the 15-year-old train-genius passes by with his friends on their way home from school.

KAY SEAN
(cheering David on)
Snatch his drug dealin' ass!

David drags him into the building at gunpoint; all the other street yo's backing away.

John, freaking, jumps out of the car, runs into ...

INT. THE STINKY, BUSTED-TILE VESTIBULE

to see the young guy on his knees, passing over a roll of money to David who's still holding him at gunpoint.

JOHN
David! What the fuck you doin'!

DAVID
(to the kid)
The dope too.

The kid hands over a number of glassine envelopes.

John is flipping. David takes the envelopes, drops them on the filthy floor, then drags his foot over the dope, smearing it into non-existence.

DAVID (contd)
Get up ...

The kid rises. David grabs him by the throat, puts his gun in his mouth.

DAVID (contd)
I told you three times to get out of this neighborhood. I told you with politeness, I told you with respect. Now, if I ever see you again, I'm just gonna take you right upstairs, peel your cap and leave you there. And when they find you? Like in the Spring, from the smell? Nobody's gonna give a shit, 'cause you're a fuckin' parasite.

David throws the kid back out into the street.

EXT. STREET

The kid comes flying out. Kay Sean is still there having witnessed the drama in the vestibule.

KAY SEAN
Yeah, get your fuckin' parasite ass off this block.

The drug dealing kid hears this and stops. David is one thing, Kay Sean another.

DRUG DEALER
(going into Kay Sean's face)
What you say?

Kay Sean may be a bespectacled nerdy lookin' kid, but he's got heart.

He goes right back into the drug dealer's face until they're nose to nose.

KAY SEAN
You heard me ...

Before any violence can go down, David comes flying out of the vestibule and running full-speed, rams the drug dealer with a double straight-arm, sending him staggering a full ten yards.

DAVID
I said get out of here ...

DRUG DEALER
(retreating, menacingly to Kay Sean)
This ain't finished ...

KAY SEAN
(spreading his arms in invitation)
Any time, bitch ..

DAVID
(grabs Kay Sean)
What are you messin' around for ... you wanna get killed? Get upstairs and do your homework.

KAY SEAN
(leaving to go home)
I ain't afraid a him.

David turns to John finally, shows him the tight roll of drug money.

DAVID
Now ... Is this stealing?

He walks out into the street and sticks the cash into a baby carriage unbeknownst to the mother who's chatting with a friend.

DAVID (contd)
There's a lot of grey out there, that's all I'm saying, John ...

JOHN
(furious)
The "Sheriff" ... what a bunch of ego-tripping bullshit. Who the fuck are you to lecture me.

DAVID
Yeah, see? You don't like it either when someone talks to you like they're the perfect master, huh? Besides, what makes you feel like you don't need a little talking to about how it is. 'Cause you're black? You're the most middle class motherfucker I ever met. An' when you get those sergeant's stripes? Ho! You're gonna be unbearable. My bloodstock's ten times more down than yours.

JOHN
Yeah, an' you're acting it out more and more every day. Good thing you don't have a kid, man, 'cause he might not be lucky enough to find a foster home as decent as you did.

That's it. David flies at John and the two of them are into a punch-up rollaround that instantly draws a crowd, some of which get into the mix and start beating on John until David pulls them away.

DAVID
Get off him! Get off!

They back up confused.

STREET KID
Yo, David, he was trying to fuck you up ...

DAVID
It's OK ... It's OK ... It's a family thing.

John struggles to his feet wiping blood from his mouth, sees how it is around here, who's perceived as the bad guy.

JOHN
(brushing himself off)
When we were kids, you know what the hardest part of being black for me was? Having to fuckin' explain you to all the brothers, having to defend you. So don't you fuckin' pull street rank on me, 'cause you were nothin' but black man's burden ... and you still are ...

John gets back in his car and peels out. Leaving David with his burning head.

INT. DECOY COMMAND - NEXT DAY 2 P.M.

Desks, lockers, squad members are milling around, bullshitting pre-shape-up.

John and David are pointedly ignoring each other.

CLOSE ON Erin -- noticing the surly silence between them.

ERIN
You guys have a lovers quarrel?

JOHN
Mind your own business.

O'Riley enters the area, approaches John and David, gestures for them to come with him.

INT. O'RILEY'S OFFICE

Desk, metal chairs, subway map on the wall.

O'Riley is locking his door, David and John watching him from the desk.

O'Riley feels the tension.

O'RILEY
Anything wrong?

JOHN/DAVID
No ...

O'Riley opens a large manila envelope. He removes a typed list of names, sets it facing them.

O'RILEY
I got a cousin in personnel. I wanted you to see this before it's posted. It's the sergeants' test results.

CLOSE ON the list of names ranked 1 through 62.

DAVID
(astonished)
I came in <u>fourth</u>?

JOHN
Fifth ... son of a bitch ... I <u>made</u> it ... I motherfuckin' <u>made</u> it!

DAVID
(stunned)
I'm gonna be a sergeant? What are they, nuts?
(to John)
Johnny, what are they, nuts?

JOHN
(happy)
How'd you beat me, you son of a bitch! Just like when we were kids ...

DAVID
(the fight forgotten)
Hey ...
(extending his hand)
Congratulations, man, you fuckin' deserve it.

They embrace.

JOHN
How'd you cheat off me and get a higher score?

DAVID
I wasn't cheatin'. I was just lookin' like I was cheatin' ... I didn't want you to think I didn't need you for once.

O'RILEY
(heavily)
Fellas ... neither of you made it.

JOHN
What? They're making the top five scores, we're four and five, what's the problem?

O'RILEY
They decided to make only three sergeants this year.

DAVID
Why ...

O'RILEY
(looking at the locked door, lowering his voice; to David)
'Cause you came in fourth.

DAVID
What the fuck you talkin' about?

JOHN
(ashen)
Patterson.

O'RILEY
(silently nodding)
You disrespected him ... it's called pay back.

JOHN
(to David, cold, furious)
You had to go in his face, didn't you ...

DAVID
(distraught, to O'Riley)
OK, so if you're gonna fuck me then fuck me ... what's he got against John? How come ...

O'RILEY
'Cause you're four and John's five. If he cut you out individually, the TA's got a lawsuit on its hands so he just draws the line right over your placement. If you came in second they'd only make one sergeant, if you came in first, they'd make none.

John punches the wall.

DAVID
I'm going to my union rep.

O'RILEY
No way they could prove it. The shit's buried in bullshit budget cuts. Plus, if you tell anybody that I told you? I'm not supposed to know about this -- you'll be cutting my throat next. I just wanted to tell you guys how it is. You been fucked, and I think it sucks.

DAVID
(anguished)
Johnny ... I'm sorry, man ... I don't know what ...

John can't answer. Can't sort out his feelings. Can't even look at him.

O'RILEY
And Davey?

David turns.

O'RILEY (contd)
You been transferred out of the squad ... nothing I could do ... if it's any consolation I really hate to lose you ... you're a sharp kid.

EXT. ELEVATED PLATFORM - NORTH BRONX - WIDE SHOT - 11:00 P.M.

It looks like a train station somewhere in Siberia. Nothing moving on the open-air platform -- just one lone figure hunched against the cold and standing under a light stanchion.

ANGLE

CLOSE ON two mug shots held by someone and illuminated by the yellowy light of the stanchion. The mugs are of two mean-looking bastards, one with a slash-scar from cheekbone to jawline.

ANGLE

David, shivering, holding the pictures being addressed by ...

SGT. BAVARO
(his new boss)
They been vick-ing passengers all up and down this line from Morris Park to Gun Hill Road. I got two surface units patrolling from 233rd Street to 180th, OK? We're on Channel Six. I want you checking in every half hour. You want your meal break? Call in, wait for a replacement. You need to take a leak? Either piss on the tracks or call for a replacement. I want this platform covered 24 7 365, awright?

David nods, shivering.

SGT. BAVARO (contd)
(wincing)
You shoulda dressed a little warmer, no?

INT. TIMES SQUARE STATION - RAMP AREA

The faces of two heavy set women in their early forties. They seem to be studying something, frowning in concentration.

WOMAN #1
You know something? This one don't look too bad ...

WOMAN #2
Huh ...

REVERSE ANGLE

The object of their examination -- John, sprawled out in a spread-legged stupor -- his decoy mode.

The two big women are hunched over him.

Woman #2 smooths back John's napped-up hair, licks her thumb and uses it to clean some dirt off his face.

WOMAN #1
Yeah, maybe you should take this one home, clean him up some. He don't look too bad at all ...

WOMAN #2
Huh ...

John stays in character; glazed and oblivious as the two women work together to haul him to his feet.

They begin to carry/walk him up the ramp to God knows where, when another member of the decoy squad comes towards them and plays his role.

COP
Ho, Jason! I been lookin' all over for you, man!

He takes John away from the women, walks him back down the ramp.

COP (contd)
(calling back to them)
He's my brother-in-law. I'm gonna take him home to his wife. An' she's gonna be pissed.

The ladies stare after them stone-faced, disappointed.

CLOSE ON the decoy cop as he carry/walks John away from them. He can't control himself and he erupts in tremulous sniggers.

JOHN
(still in character, low)
Fuck yourself ...

INT. TOKEN BOOTH AREA OF DAVID'S ELEVATED STATION - MIDNIGHT

Indoors, above the street, below the platform.

ANGLE

The token booth -- empty.

A lone revenue agent comes along the side of the booth, unlocks a low-set bin and removes two bags of money.

ANGLE

The token clerk, hunched over his three turnstiles, and carefully dripping a red liquid into the token slots.

ANGLE

David, coming down the stairs from the platform, shivering, looking for a break from the cold.

DAVID
(to the clerk)
What the hell you doin'?

CLERK
(eyes on his drippings)
Got me a token-sucker. Guy comes along, jams a paper clip in the slot, three four tokens get stuck, he comes back, sucks the damn things up into his mouth, runs like hell. He comes around tonight? Let's see how he likes a little Jamaican Jerk Sauce on his tokens ...

The revenue agent locks up the bin and carrying two bags, heads for the platform, nodding good-bye to the clerk.

DAVID
You the collection agent?

AGENT
Nah, I'm Robin Hood.

EXT. PLATFORM - 5 MINUTES LATER

David stands with the collection agent waiting for the Revenue Train.

DAVID
How much you got in there?

AGENT
This one's coins, about a grand, this one's about nine, ten thousand in paper.

DAVID
How heavy are they?

AGENT
About thirty pounds each.

They see the yellow Revenue Train coming into the station.

DAVID
(thinking)
Thirty pounds ... Can I hold them for a second?

AGENT
What are you, a comedian?

The one working door opens for the agent.

The door begins to close, then abruptly jerks open.

VO
(from the train)
Kaylor!

David squints into the fluorescent interior, who the hell ...

A cop, mid forties, stops the door from closing again and beams at David as he leans his head out.

DAVID
Jackie?

The cop offers his hand, laughing.

JACKIE
How you been, kid?

COLLECTION AGENT
(from inside)
Let's go!

DAVID
I thought you retired ...

JACKIE
I should've. I took a flop on some stairs chasing some skell? I thought I broke my fuckin' back. So I applied to go out on a three quarters medical, right? They wouldn't give it to me. X-ray showed nothing. So if I go out now, all's I can get is half-pay. I can't afford to retire. Nothing on the X-ray ... I swear, I'm in so much pain ...

AGENT
Yo! We got a schedule.

JACKIE
(face sour in the anger)
A minute, I'm talkin'.
(to David)
So they assigned me to this yellow piece of shit ... I swear to you ... I haven't had a good night's sleep since the fall. So you know, and like my wife's asthma's gettin' worse, I was all set to move to Florida ... The X-ray ... mother-fuckers. I swear I'm ready to kill somebody.

DAVID
Awright you better get out of here before ...

JACKIE
Fuck them ... Fuckin' collection agents ... test-takers with a gun.

DAVID
(stepping back to let him go)
I'll give you a call ...

JACKIE
Give my best to your darker half there, Johnny Boy ... he's a good man.

The Money Train moves out, David watching it disappear, the lone soul in Siberia once again.

INT. TIMES SQUARE RAMP - 2:00 A.M.

CLOSE ON John, leaning against the wall, acting conked, as two young white men go for the gold.

MALE #1
Guys like a fuckin' department store.

MALE #2
Let's go.

They tear ass up the ramp as John yanks twice on his jacket lapel -- the signal to snatch 'em.

The up-ramp decoys appear and the thieves wheel and bolt down the ramp again.

But as they try to fly past John, he throws a knee into one of the thieves' mid-section, completely flipping the guy who lands on his back.

ANGLE

The Decoy squad all over both thieves, belly down on the ramp.

John, leaning against the wall, sullenly watches.

O'RILEY
(low, angry)
What the hell you do that for? You're a drunk, remember?

JOHN
(sullen)
I was making a citizen's arrest.

EXT. NORTH BRONX PLATFORM - 1 HOUR LATER

David standing lonely vigil. Behind him is another poster of the new mayor, this one disfigured, but with the same legend: "First, The People."

Someone climbs on to the platform, walks towards him -- it's John.

DAVID
(wary)
What you doin' here?

JOHN
I just wanted to tell you I'm not pissed off at you about the test ... In fact, I'm real proud you did so well.

DAVID
(relieved)
A little too well, huh? You want to hear something funny? You know I never wanted to be a sergeant, right? But when I saw my name up there? I dunno ... I wanted it bad, I just ... I dunno, John ...

JOHN
Fuckin' Patterson.

DAVID
I'd like to french his fuckin' sheets ...

A third figure comes on the platform -- it's David's tour replacement.

David and John head for the stairs.

DAVID (contd)
I tell you, man ... he's gonna get his ...

JOHN
David ... don't start nothin' ...

INT. TOKEN BOOTH AREA

David and John coming down the platform area to see and hear a wiry street guy hunched over by the turnstiles gagging, spitting, clutching his throat as the token clerk gleefully dances around him sprinkling fiery Jamaican Jerk sauce over his head and jacket as if doing a ritual dance -- he's caught the token-sucker.

CLERK
(dancing, laughing, sprinkling)
How you like that, huh? How you like that!

EXT. STREET BY THE EL STATION - 6:00 A.M.

John and David exiting the station. The street around them is showing signs of life-- candy stores opening, people heading to the trains.

JOHN
Hey listen, I got a security gig tonight. The guy says he can use you too. You up for it? It's some bullshit bodyguard detail ... good money though.

DAVID
Sure ... why not ...

They enter a mini-mart to buy coffee. The place has three free standing aisles of jars and cans, a coffee and bagel station by the cash register. There's a half dozen people in there.

JOHN
You got a black suit?

DAVID
I got a brown one. Can I borrow one of yours?
(beat)
Hello? ... Can I borrow one of yours?

David follows John's stare to a guy on line. It's the scar-faced desperado from the mug shots. He's waiting to pay for a quart of Coca-Cola.

JOHN'S POV

He scans the store looking for the other mutt -- and there he is, in the back, browsing in the cold drink refrigerator.

DAVID
(low)
What ...

John scans the store. Too many people to start something here.

John draws David out of the store.

EXT. THE STOREFRONT

One of the mutts exits, oblivious, drinking soda. As he walks away John and David appear. They walk behind him for a few steps then David snatches his soda hand, brings it up behind him, disabling him as John whips out cuffs. The guy is face down, immobilized in a heartbeat.

ANGLE

The second skell exits the store, sees his partner getting grabbed but they also see him. John quickly draws down on him.

JOHN
(barking, loud and distinctly)
Get your hands away from your body and get down on the ground. Get your hands away from your body ...

SKELL #2
(loud -- to people in the street)
You gonna shoot me? I'm unarmed! I'm unarmed! You gonna shoot me?

And before John can grab him, he runs back into the store.

INT. MINI-MART

Guy running in followed by John. John tackles the guy and sets up a domino crash of all three free-standing aisles toppling over sending a sea of cans and jars rolling every whichaway, people inside screaming, running out.

John and the skell struggle to their feet, the skell winging a heavy can towards John's face, the can going through a window, both of them slipping and sliding, cans being hurled as deadly projectiles, then both of them freezing as we hear the roar of a gun being discharged into the ceiling.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE STORE

David freezing at the noise. He threads the cuffs of Skell #1 behind his back and through the spokes of a huge clunky delivery bike, then bolts for the mini-mart.

INT. MINI-MART

John and Skell #2 frozen on the can-littered floor looking up at --

The store owner -- towering over them with some kind of hand cannon.

SKELL #2
(quickly, rising)
I'm a cop! Don't let him move! If he moves, shoot! I'll be right back!

Before John can react, Skell #2 is running out the store where he crashes into David running in, both of them hurtling back inside knocking down the store owner, his gun skittering across the floor.

EXT. STORE ENTRANCE

John and David escorting Skell #2 (in cuffs) out of the store with the store owner bringing up the rear.

STORE OWNER
I'm gonna sue your ass! I'm suing the city!

John and David ignore him having heard it all before. Much more interesting to them is that there's nothing but space where before stood Skell #1 handcuffed to the delivery bike.

DAVID
What the hell ...

JOHN
Look ...

DAVID'S POV

About half a block down, Skell #1 is doing his best to run away. His hands are cuffed behind his back and dragging the large delivery bike. All he can manage is something of a limpy skip.

ANGLE

John's car. John coasting. David in back with Skell #2.

John casually pulls abreast of the bike-dragging fugitive, still limp-skipping his way to freedom. John and David are swallowing laughter.

DAVID
(out the passenger window)
Hey, yo! Where you goin', man?

EXT/INT. LIMOUSINE - THAT NIGHT

David in black suit sits up front with the driver.

John also in black suit sits in the cavernous back seat facing his boss for the evening: a tuxedoed rock-singer/activist and his wife.

DAVID
(to the singer)
You know which album of yours I liked best? Not the last one. The one three albums back ... that was great.

SINGER
(dry)
Thanks a lot.

DAVID
Hey ... it's an honor, man.

EXT. 42ND ST. LIBRARY ENTRANCE

The vast steps, the lions -- all night-lit.

There's a cordon of fans and papparazzi, a conga line of cars discharging guests.

INT. LIMO

The rock singer, tense, ready to exit. Flash pops like combat flack play on the windows.

SINGER
I hate this ...

DAVID
(sympathetic)
Yeah, me too.

David and John exit first, and start clearing a path.

INT. 42ND ST. LIBRARY

A vast marble space used tonight as a cocktail reception room.

The guests, all in formal wear, cluster and chat, their voices echoing off the marble.

PAN of security discretely ringing the throng -- most looking like cops moonlighting or retired; a hard looking bunch wearing dark suits.

JOHN
(to David)
The mayor ...

DAVID
And what's her face from TV.

VO
Kaylor!

They turn to see another moonlighting cop, Jackie, from the Money Train.

JACKIE
Hey ... John, how you doin'? I heard you guys are working for Sting tonight?

DAVID
Nah, the other, whosit ... how about you?

JACKIE
I got the lipstick guy, the skillionaire ... nice guy. You know something? Last time I was in a library I didn't have body hair yet ...

JOHN
(seeing someone in the crowd)
Oh ... shit ...

David follows John's eyes and spies Donald Patterson in a dinner jacket, talking to the rock star and his wife.

David starts towards him but John grabs his arm.

JOHN (contd)
(to Jackie)
What's he doin' here?

JACKIE
Patterson? He's part of the new team. The mayor's introducing his people to the heavy hitters tonight. It's like a thank you thing for his backers.

DAVID
(enraged, muttering)
I can't stand here, John.

JOHN
(grabbing his wrist, in his ear)
Yeah? What you gonna do, punch him out?

David detaches himself from John's grip, takes a stroll away from the reception.

ANGLE - THE SIT-DOWN DINNER

In another marble space. Dozens of tables, the perimeter ringed by potted trees and the hired security.

The mayor is at a lectern facing the tables. Over his head is a long banner, "First, The People."

MAYOR
... and so it's with particular pleasure, that I'd like to introduce you to New York City's new Dutch Uncle ...
(laughter)
Comptroller Don Patterson.

Applause as Patterson rises from his table and makes his way to the podium, shaking hands with the mayor.

ANGLE

John and David staring at him from the perimeter, cold.

PATTERSON
Thank you ... if you'll allow me a mixed metaphor, I run a damn tight ship down in the subways. In the last six years as Chief Revenue Officer I've collected one hundred fifty-eight million, seven hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars, give or take a token or two ...
(laughter)
which makes me, us, the MTA, the largest single depositor in the entire Federal Reserve System. Over the last six years, with prudent disbursement of funds subway service has improved steadily ...

JACKIE
(muttering)
Bullshit.

PATTERSON
We're cleaner, more dependable ...

ANOTHER COP/BODYGUARD
Bullshit.

PATTERSON
We have tighter security, less crime ...

YET ANOTHER COP/BODYGUARD
Bullshit.

PATTERSON
And in the last year we've initiated an aggressive program of station renovation, equipment upgrading, and an all out transformation to a completely computer operated system of maintenance, safety and in-house communications.

CLOSE ON David and John -- cold.

PATTERSON (contd)
(repeating his TV line)
Even at the new fare of a dollar seventy-five, which goes into effect New Year's Day, I'd still say a ride on a subway is one of the best bangs for the buck in town ...

FAST SCAN of many cops/bodyguards, all muttering "Bullshit."

PATTERSON (contd)
But now, I feel, it's time for me, at least, to take the show above ground. I feel this new administration's motto
(gestures to the "First, The People" banner)
reflects, both poetically and succinctly, my own professional credo. The people do come first.

JACKIE
(whispering)
Yeah, his people. You know how many city jobs he's gonna control? Four hundred and seventy-five. And he's gonna run some goddamn patronage mill, let me tell you. Eight years down the road? You're looking at the next mayor.

PATTERSON
But for too long, this city has tried to solve its social ills by simply, blindly throwing money at the problems. Ladies and gentlemen, I submit to you that
(MORE)

PATTERSON (contd)
human care begins with fiscal care and when I take office on January seventh, I plan to serve the people with the same sober and responsible financial strategies that has served me so well down under.
(applause)
Thank you. And, assuming everybody here will naturally be taking the subway home this evening,
(laughter)
I brought a little gift for each and every one of you.
(he produces a clear bag of subway tokens from inside the lectern)
Just so you can avoid those long lines at the token booths.

The crowd loves it, loves him, and laugh/applauds loudly.

PAN of all the security -- no one even smiling.

Both John and David look ready to kill.

ANGLE

The coat check area, people meandering their way out of the library.

Patterson, drink in hand, is still chatting with the rock star.

John and David stand at a discreet distance from their employer.

People keep coming over to Patterson to shake his hand, wish him well.

Patterson was the hit of the evening. He's on his way, and his triumph shows in his face.

DAVID
(to John, low)
The bastard won't even meet our eyes.

JOHN
Just hang in.

DAVID
I can't ...

JOHN
David!

David moves across the floor towards Patterson. God knows what he's going to do, to say.

DAVID'S POV

Patterson looks up, watching David approach. There's something expectant, anxious in Patterson's expression. He reaches out, puts a hand on David's wrist. Is he going to apologize? Beg forgiveness?

PATTERSON
Do me a favor?
(he hands David his drink glass)
Get me one for the road ... Chivas and soda.

David stunned, stands there holding the drink glass.

Patterson turns his back on him, resumes his conversation with the rock star.

EXT. DARK URBAN STREET SOMEWHERES - 1 HOUR LATER

David and John are bombed, still taking nips from a vodka bottle. Ironically they look like decoys. David paces, John sits on a garbage can.

DAVID
(almost in tears of rage)
He didn't even recognize us, man! He pissed all over our lives, and 48 hours later he doesn't even know who we are?

JOHN
Fuck that asshole ...

DAVID
I give up on this heartless scumbag of a city.

JOHN
It's got no heart ... none.

DAVID
You try to fight the good fight, right? It's a fuckin' joke ...

JOHN
And the joke's on you ...

DAVID
"First, The People," huh? He's gonna pay, John. I swear to God he's gonna pay ...

JOHN
(struggling to his feet)
Hey ... what do you call a cop who drinks a half a bottle of vodka in a hour?
(beat)
The designated driver.
(takes David by the elbow)
C'mon, I'll drive you home.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF DAVID'S HOUSE - 20 MINUTES LATER

John carefully parks his car half on the sidewalk.

He helps David out of the car. David is totally crocked, moving like an old lady. They talk as they move slowly to the building entrance.

DAVID
John ... can I tell you something without you getting all pissed off at me?

JOHN
Probably not.

DAVID
You're a shitty drunk.

JOHN
What?

DAVID
You know, when you're doin' decoy? If I'm spotting for you, I watch you ... you're too rigid ... you gotta let your bones go, get loose ... 'cause right now any skeeze out there worth lockin' up, they just smell cop off you from the gitty up. You defeat your own purpose.

JOHN
Me? You ever see you out there? You look brain-damaged. Talkin' to me about scarin' people away?

DAVID
No ... no ... this is constructive criticism, man, just ... like, looser like ... watch me ...

David goes into his decoy drunk mode which actually isn't that different than his current real-life physical condition.

John stares at him disdainfully, waves him off.

JOHN
Naw, man, it's like, check it out ...

John goes into his decoy mode, and what we have now is two very drunk cops pretending to be drunk having an alcoholic pose-off; a bizarre tableau.

They stay in competing drunk modes for a beat, then David suddenly passes out, going face down on the pavement.

INT. DAVID'S BASEMENT APARTMENT - 5 MINUTES LATER

The door flies open. John is half carrying David inside.

DAVID
(almost incoherent)
See what I did? See how I had you goin'? You thought I was really ripped, right?

John dumps David on his bed, starts to pull off his shoes.

David is snoring before John gets to the second shoe.

John, staggering a little himself, gets a blanket to toss over his brother, then stands there, troubled, looking down at him sleeping.

DAVID (contd)
(eyes shut, drifty)
He's gotta pay, John. We're gonna make him pay ...

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE/59th STREET - NEXT DAY

A sunny PAN of the bustle of traffic.

ANGLE - SUBWAY ENTRANCE - COLUMBUS CIRCLE

David heading down the steps. He's carrying two small canvas bags roped together, the rope resting on his shoulder.

INT. SUBWAY - TOKEN BOOTH

David walking through the pass-gate flashing his police I.D. to the clerk.

ANGLE - THE PLATFORM

David walking to the end, with his bags, stepping down into the tunnel, disappearing into the darkness.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - 10 MINUTES LATER

It's the section of the park that borders Columbus Circle; a stone wall the divider between the bucolic stillness and the urban business of Central Park South.

WE HOLD ON that urban/pastoral duality for a beat, not noticing the metal hatch set in the grass until David pushes it open from underneath, like a mole coming out of its burrow.

WE SEE him from the chest up, his legs below ground, as he scans the blissful isolation of this particular spot.

Then suddenly he hauls the twin bags up and onto the grass. He gathers them in, tosses them out again, over and over, as if he's trying to get a sense of the gesture, trying to find the most fluid way of performing the task. The last time he throws out the bags, the contents of one bag spill out-- and WE SEE three ten pound weights.

INT. TRAIN TUNNEL

WE SEE David's lower half, his feet on the top rungs of an emergency exit.

He begins to descend with his bags.

A train is coming towards him. He waits. The train blasts through, a blur of expressionistic momentum.

It's gone. David continues his descent.

ANGLE

David walking in the tunnel with his bags. He sees a maintenanc room similar to the one where he was almost shot by Hoodie.

He scans the room then tosses his bags in a corner.

We hear the clang of the weights as David exits.

ANGLE

WE SEE David climb back up onto the platform from the end steps.

FOLLOW him as he walks back towards the turnstiles.

He passes a few TA cops, all of whom greet him familiarly.

He walks back to the token booth area and heads up the stairs towards the sunlight.

EXT. DAVID'S STREET - NEXT DAY

WE SEE John get out of his car, head to the building.

INT. THE BASEMENT CORRIDOR

John heading for David's door.

Halfway there the door opens and Kay Sean exits David's room.

They walk towards each other, nod a vague hello, pass, then both simultaneously turn their heads to eyeball the other.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT

David is in there along with Jackie the cop. A table is littered with diagrams crudely drawn on lined loose leaf paper.

John enters, does a double-take on seeing Jackie there.

JOHN
Hey ... what's up, Jackie ...

DAVID
We're gonna do it.

JOHN
Do what ...

He sees the diagrams -- they're lay-outs of the brake system and uncoupling cocks on a subway train.

JOHN (contd)
What the fuck is wrong with your brain?

DAVID
Listen ... Jackie here says the pick-ups are gonna be so heavy New Year's Eve, you know with the hoarding and shit? That they're gonna have to send out double the collection agents for each station. That means, that at any one time there's only gonna be the one TA cop on the Money Train, and that's gonna be Jackie ...

JACKIE
They owe me ...

DAVID
The collection agents are gonna meet the train, hand over the bags, then head out to the street, drive to a station way up the line, collect the bags again, meet the train again, hand them over to Jackie. So we only got the conductor, the motorman and my man here ... Now he
(MORE)

DAVID (contd)
says, if we want to use the 59th Street emergency hatch which we most definitely do, the easiest place to get us aboard the Money Train is 23rd Street 'cause 34th and Times Square are gonna have a lot of people around, and check it out ...

(David grabs the diagrams off the table)

You wouldn't believe the stuff Kay Sean come up with ... he even gave me what to say over the radio with command ...

JOHN
Can I talk to you outside for a minute?

John opens the door. David moves to exit, John stops him.

JOHN (contd)
Leave the diagrams ...

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR

CLOSE ON David. Suddenly he gets shoved in the chest by John.

WE SEE John. He's livid.

DAVID
Now, I know you don't want to bleed the breaks on the front car and make a runaway train, man, and I agree ... too dangerous. So we're just gonna use the weight on the dead man's key, get it rolling, let them throw the ball at it up the line but the rear car, see we can bleed the breaks on that, let it sit, put some chocks under the wheels so it can't roll 'cause if we do that ...

John responds with another painful shove.

JOHN
(seething)
You even brought the kid in?

DAVID
He don't know. He thinks we're just goofin' around.

JOHN
And why the fuck is that other clown in there ... Jackie.

DAVID
That's our man on the inside. We can't do it without him. And I'm tellin' you, man, he's hungry ...

John gives David another painful chest shove. This time David shoves back.

JOHN (contd)
You're breakin' my heart.

DAVID
Listen to me ... I work underground, I live underground ... I'm like a goddamn grub worm. I'm gettin' out of here, I don't want the whole pie, just enough to cut out and start over ... and I want to blacken that bastard Patterson's eye ... I'm gonna hit his train and dip into his stash and it's gonna be news all over the world.

JOHN
Yeah? And then what ...

DAVID
(smiling)
Santo Domingo.

JOHN
No.

DAVID
I'm goin' with you or without you.

JOHN
I'll turn you in.

DAVID
(solid)
No you won't ...

JOHN
I'm not gonna let you do this, man, 'cause either you're gonna get caught, or you're gonna get away with it ... and if you get away with it, you're gonna make me live with what I know. And if I have to do that, my job, which I love, is gonna turn to ashes in my mouth ...

DAVID
(shaken, hanging on)
It's every man for himself in this fuckin' city.

JOHN
(strong, eye to eye)
No ... no, it's not.
(beat)
Please.

David can't meet his eyes, he's starting to crumble.

JOHN (contd)
Look ... I know I hang over you a lot. I always did. I guess I was worried about you from the first day you come to live with us.
(beat)
Man, I didn't know what your father, mother did to you but ... you didn't come direct from their house to us, man. You came to us from the hospital.

DAVID
(suddenly agitated, tense)
I know. I know. Why you bringin' this shit up for. This is old time shit.

JOHN
I'm just tryin'' to explain ...

DAVID
Well, don't ...
(exasperated, frustrated)
OK. fuck it. it's off, you happy?

JOHN
(enormously relieved, embracing him)
I love you, man ...

DAVID
(sulky)
Yeah, me too.

JOHN
So you comin' to the party tomorrow night, right?

DAVID
(still truculent)
I guess.

JOHN
You bringin' Alma?

DAVID
Ah ... I can't. We stopped seeing each other.

JOHN
Why?

DAVID
It's technical.

JOHN
Her husband get out of jail?

DAVID
Yeah.

JOHN
So bring somebody else.

DAVID
Yeah ... I dunno ... there's this lady on the third floor, but ...

JOHN
What ...

DAVID
New Year's Eve ... that's like a real commitment kind of date, no?

JOHN
(embracing him again)
I got to go.

John walks off down the dank subterranean corridor.

DAVID
John.
(beat)
There's gonna be a lot of money on that train ... just a couple of bags each ... we don't even need a winch for that ... carry 'em up on your shoulder, toss 'em out on the grass, get up there, toss 'em over the park wall in a car and we're out of there.

John pauses, chewing this over, then ...

JOHN
Nothin' more expensive than easy money, my man.

DAVID
10 G's to a bag ... two bags to a shoulder ... two shoulders to a man ...

JOHN
(slightest hint of hesitancy)
See ya ...

EXT. FRONT OF DAVID'S BUILDING - 20 MINUTES LATER

WE SEE Jackie exiting -- looking pissed.

WE SEE John, sitting in his car watching him leave.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

David alone, sitting hunched over, elbows to knees, hand over his mouth staring in a glassy kind of way at Kay Sean's diagrams -- all that work.

He rubs his temples, screws his eyes shut as if his head's gonna explode.

EXT. OUTER BOROUGH STREET - NEXT MORNING (NEW YEAR'S EVE)

John's neighborhood: small two family clapboard houses, beat-up five story apartment buildings.

CLOSE ON Little David -- tottering on a new bike but keeping it going. Shakey but happy-looking boy. John is jogging alongside the bike to give his son security.

The kid starts to fall and John braces him. They take a breather.

They're now in front of an elementary school. It's a turn of the century brick prison-looking thing closed for the Xmas vacation. Some teenagers are playing basketball in the school court. They look like hard customers, like a group of convicts on a yard pass. A fight breaks out.

John and his son watch them, both of them looking unhappy.

LITTLE DAVID
(to John)
This gonna be my school next year?

JOHN
(anxious, trying to hide it)
Those boys don't go here ... don't you worry about them.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET NEAR DAVID'S BUILDING - DUSK (NEW YEAR'S EVE)

WE SEE David exit a dry cleaner carrying a plastic-sheathed suit over his shoulder heading for home, getting ready for the party at the Carriage House.

As he approaches his block WE SEE revolving blue lights reflecting in his face -- urban misery lights -- police? ambulance?

WE SEE David stop dead in his tracks, the blue flashings highlighting his tension.

DAVID'S POV

WE SEE, in front of his building, an ambulance and three squad cars.

Then back to David -- breaking out of his momentary paralysis, dropping his dry cleaning and running towards the disaster, flipping out his shield which hangs from a dog tag chain inside his shirt.

CLOSE ON a group of EMS paramedics frantically working on someone laying in the street -- we can't see who.

David hovering over them, a cop trying to push him back, David flashing his shield.

DAVID
This is my building.

He still can't see who they're working on, but then one of the paramedics gets up providing David with a window and WE SEE it's ...

Kay Sean -- eyes wild with fear and shock, his torn open shirt and jacket bloody.

KAY SEAN
(scared)
David ... don't tell my mother! Don't tell my mother!

DAVID
(to EMS worker)
Is he gonna make it?

EMS WORKER
If the hospital don't kill him ... it's just a meat shot.

Kay Sean is lifted into the ambulance and David is standing over discarded rubber gloves, surgical wrapping and other

kinds of medical debris.

DAVID'S POV

The ambulance peeling out, leaving the police cars; lights still flashing. There's a struggle going on; they have the shooter.

David trance-walks over to the cop cars and sees ...

A detective holding a handgun in a clear sandwich bag. And then David sees ...

The drug dealer -- whose money and dope David had snatched, who had gone nose to nose with Kay Sean and promised some payback.

The kid is cuffed. His life is over now, but when he sees David, he flashes a sick grin of triumph.

DRUG DEALER
I told him we ain't finished ...

The cops shove the shooter into the squad car and peel out.

David wanders back towards his building. He accidentally kicks something which skitters across the pavement. It's Kay Sean's glasses.

David loses it; cursing and kicking the nearest parked car, denting the door, powdering the windows, drawing a second crowd.

DAVID
(shouting)
What they motherfuckin' do you to!

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - 9:00 P.M.

John brushing his hair, looking at himself in the mirror, examining his clothes; very dressy. In the background his wife is getting dressed too, also very dressy.

EDIE (JOHN'S WIFE)
Are we picking up David?

JOHN
Yeah, in front of Alexander's.

EDIE
Which shoes?

John turns. Edie sports a high heel on one foot, a Doc Martens shoe on the other.

INT. DAVID'S ROOMS - SAME TIME

David is getting dressed too -- dungarees, a black sweatshirt and a black rolled up ski-mask. It doesn't look like he's going to the same party as his brother, though ...

David is carefully packing a gym bag; a six pack of beer, a roll of electrical tape, yard-long lengths of clothes-line with what looks like grappling hooks at either end, and Kay Sean's notes and diagrams.

EXT. BRONX COMMERCIAL STRIP - 10:30 P.M.

In front of a department store, John and his wife wait for David. They're restless, starting to fume. We hear the sounds of early celebration -- firecrackers, the blatting of horns.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH NEAR THE PARK WALL - SAME TIME

David's Cadillac being parked. David gets out ambles over to the wall, hoists himself up, but not over.

DAVID'S POV

The exit hatch nesting among the foliage.

INT/EXT. BRONX COMMERCIAL STRIP - 20 MINUTES LATER

John and Edie in their car, still waiting.

EDIE
Maybe you should call him again. He might have been in the shower.

JOHN
(driving away, angry)
Bullshit ... let's just go ...

EXT. 7TH AVE. & 23RD ST. - 11:00 P.M.

David carrying his gym bag approaches the subway entrance. Some sporadic celebratory noise is heard here too.

INT. SUBWAY

David going through the gate, waving his police I.D.

At the token booth WE SEE a long line of people trying to buy massive amounts of tokens before the fare hike.

ANGLE

WOMAN
(at the token booth)
They ain't makin' a <u>new</u> token, is they?

CLERK
Same token, new price ...

The woman slips a hundred dollar bill under the grilled window.

WOMAN
How many tokens can I get for that?

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - 11:00 P.M.

The mother of all mob scenes undulating around and under the big apple on top of #1 Times Square.

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - SAME TIME

John and Edie entering the bar which is filled with partying cops and their mates.

John greeting pals, but there's something distracted in his face -- where's David?

John eyeing the clock over the bar.

INT. 23RD ST. SUBWAY PLATFORM - 11:15 P.M.

Under a poster of the new mayor, "First, The People" emblazoned over his head, David sits alone at the end of the platform studying Kay Sean's notations. There's a bunch of drunk college kids whooping it up, going to Times Square. David ignores them.

He removes the fat roll of electrical tape from his bag, starts tearing off six inch strips and sticking them on the leg of his dungarees as if for easy access.

Somebody drops their tokens -- <u>dozens</u> of them, bouncing and rolling all over the platform.

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - 11:30 P.M.

All the cops dancing with their dates -- lights are low but the beat is intense -- Aretha Franklin's "Rock Steady." The entire room is bouncing and whooping.

John, dancing, eyeing the clock.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - SAME TIME

The crowd growing. The horse of a mounted cop rears up in panic, the cop cursing.

INT. GRACIE MANSION - SAME TIME

The mayor hosting a formal dinner for his friends. Donald Patterson is telling a joke to the dozen or so guests around the long table.

PATTERSON
The devil says, "I'll make you mayor, but in return, I get your soul in hell for all eternity plus the souls of your wife and children." The guy thinks about it, finally says, "OK, what's the catch?"

The table breaks up in laughter, but the mayor's smile is thin as he squints at Patterson appraisingly.

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - 11:45 P.M.

John behind the bar, the house phone to his ear. The din is deafening. John squats down on the duckboards, a finger in his opposite ear, trying to hear ...

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

No one there. The phone ringing.

INT. 23RD ST. PLATFORM - 11:59 P.M.

The yellow two-car Money Train approaching the station.

There's two collection agents laden with bags waiting ...

David rises from his bench, the silver tape fringing his dungarees. He slowly ambles to the center of the platform alongside the collection agents.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - 11:59 P.M.

The pulsing mob looking up at the apple as it starts to descend.

MOB
(chanting)
10 ... 9 ... 8 ... 7 ...

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - SAME TIME

COPS
(chanting)
6 ... 5 ... 4 ...

John in knots ...

INT. LIVING ROOM IN GRACIE MANSION

GUESTS
(standing facing each other)
3 ... 2 ... 1 ...

The CLINK of snifters brings in the New Year.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE

The apple drops with a BOOM to announce the New Year, the crowd going wild. A fist fight breaks out.

INT. 23RD ST. PLATFORM

The Money Train rolling in announcing the New Year with a HISSS of brakes.

The door opening up, the collection agents passing in the bags, David loitering near.

COLLECTION AGENT
(to Jackie)
There's fuckin' millions tonight ...

JACKIE
(moving bags to the safe area)
I hear that ...

The collection agents leaving the platform via the street.

The conductor poking his head out, eyeing the platform, before signalling all clear.

David, from out of nowhere, wearing the ski-mask now, materializes, his gun in the conductor's face before he can close the door.

INT. MONEY TRAIN

Jackie is moving money bags.

JACKIE'S POV

He sees the conductor standing there, a guy in a ski-mask standing behind him, his gun pressed to the conductor's side.

Jackie's first reaction is to reach for his service revolver.

DAVID
Whoa ...

David momentarily lifts up his mask revealing himself.

Jackie is stunned, confused, has no idea what to do.

David tears off some strips of electrical tape patching shut the conductor's eyes and mouth.

As the train moves out, the motorman, in his closed compartment, is oblivious to the drama on board.

DAVID
(to Jackie, for the benefit of the conductor)
If you fuck up, he's dead.

Jackie rears back, not sure if David is serious.

INT. RTO COMMAND

CLOSE ON the Big Board.

WE SEE the blue light signifying a train in the 23rd St. station go out as the Money Train heads for its next northbound stop; 34th St.

PULL BACK TO SEE the room: the consoles, the operators. People are wearing party hats, acting a little loosy goosy.

CLOSE ON the Big Board. The blue light which signifies the Money Train approaching 34th St. lights up.

EXT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - SAME TIME

John standing outside the bar, worried, scanning the street. He can hear the ocean of revelers straight up Broadway ten blocks north. Don't know what to do.

INT. MONEY TRAIN

CLOSE ON the conductor, face taped, hands taped in front of him.

He lays curled on his side on the lone bench.

ANGLE

Money Train pulling into 34th St. station.

Jackie looks completely shaken, David at his side.

JACKIE
(low)
I thought you said it was off ...

DAVID
(wearing ski-mask rolled up)
Well, it's on again.

JACKIE
I don't think I can do it.

DAVID
Yeah you can.

The Money Train doors open.

Jackie takes the money bags from the two collection agents on the platform.

JACKIE
See you guys at 86th Street ...

COLLECTION AGENT
Where's Harry at?

Jackie gestures to the curled up conductor, his bindings not visible at this angle. David is leaning against the motorman's door, his back to the agents.

JACKIE
A little too much holiday zotz.

COLLECTION AGENT #2
He needs counselling ...

The doors close, the train moves out, Jackie collapses plunking himself down on the money bags.

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE

The lights down low low low. The cops grinding with their mates to Jerry Butler's "For Your Precious Love."

John breaks it off with Edie, turns to another TA cop dancing with his wife.

JOHN
Jimmy, anybody got a radio in here?

EXT. BALCONY - GRACIE MANSION

All the guests in their formal wear gazing out on the East River.

PATTERSON
(to his wife)
Beautiful night ...

EXT. TIMES SQUARE

The crowd drunk and rowdy. A vicious fight breaks out -- dozens of young wolves going at it.

INT. MONEY TRAIN - ROLLING INTO TIMES SQUARE STATION

CLOSE ON David -- facing the tracks at the head of the car, looking out the window.

He is watching, via the reflection in the window glass, the action unfolding behind his back. He sees ...

Jackie taking almost a dozen money bags from the collection agents on the platform.

The station is loud and crowded.

Jackie is trembling, sweat beads popping out on his forehead.

JACKIE
So, I'll see you guys at 96th Street?

COLLECTION AGENT
(stepping into the car)
We're gonna ride uptown with you, OK?

CLOSE ON David -- tensing, moving for the revolver in his waist band.

JACKIE
(putting a hand to the agent's chest)
You <u>can't</u> ...

COLLECTION AGENT
What do you mean we <u>can't</u>, it's a fuckin' <u>mad</u> house out there.

JACKIE
(mouth working, then ...)
Patterson's orders ... sorry ...

EXT. GRACIE MANSION BALCONY

Patterson leaning out, shoulder to shoulder with another man in formal wear.

MAN
How many people are you taking with you from the MTA?

PATTERSON
There's a few ... heads up, loyal, you know ...

The guy hands him a folded piece of paper.

MAN
I got a few here I want to discuss with you. Give me a call when your hangover lifts ...

Patterson puts the list inside his jacket, continues to gaze out at the river as he swirls his snifter.

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - MEN'S ROOM

John is trying to work someone's hand radio with little luck.

JOHN
Sixty-two to base... sixty-two to base ...

DISPATCHER
Go ahead, sixty-two.

JOHN
Can you patch me through to RTO? I need to find out if there's a problem at ...

The radio turns to static.

JOHN (contd)
Shit ... hello, base ... sixty-two to base ...

Nothing coming over.

INT. MAIN PARTY AREA - CARRIAGE HOUSE

WE FOLLOW John out of the bathroom into the party wading through the cops and heading out into the street.

ANGLE

Edie, calling his name -- worried.

INT. RTO COMMAND

The Big Board. WE SEE 59th St. lit up, then go out, as the train heads towards its next stop, 66th St.

PULL BACK TO SEE Dispatcher Zioli and two other dispatchers doing an impromptu performance of "Mickey's Monkey" complete with Smokey Robinson and the Miracles dance moves.

INT. MONEY TRAIN - LEAVING THE 59TH ST. STATION

CLOSE ON the conductor, still in his bondage-induced foetal curl.

Jackie, with David behind him, raps on the motorman's door. David pulls down his ski-mask as the motorman opens up.

JACKIE
(hands up)
He's got my gun, stop the train.

MOTORMAN
(astonished more
than scared)
Fuck me.

INT. TRAIN TRACKS

WE SEE the train stopped north of the 59th St. station, a quarter mile from the platform, right under David's exit hatch.

David drops down on the tracks with his gym bag, sprints back towards the station, leans down by an orange painted insulation joint, pulls the six pack of beer out, tears off a can and wedges it into the joint making a ghost train on the Big Board.

ANGLE

WE SEE a trip arm automatically rise up on the tracks.

ANGLE

WE SEE the nearest track lights turn from green to red.

INT. RTO COMMAND

WE SEE the blue light of 59th St. go on again although there's no train in the station.

ANGLE

David sprinting jamming beer cans in two other insulation joints, then stopping, pulling off another can, cracking the tab and taking a long pull of beer.

EXT. SEVENTH AVENUE

John, jogging to the nearby Herald Square subway entrance.

INT. HERALD SQUARE SUBWAY STATION

The northbound platform. There's a train in the station but it's staying put; pissed off passengers leaning out the open doors.

John comes up on a TA cop.

JOHN
What's happenin'?

TA COP
(shrugging)
Some kind of delay ahead ...

INT. TIMES SQARE SUBWAY STATION

Another northbound passenger train cooling its heels at a platform -- the frustrated passengers getting pissed here too.

ANGLE

The motorman using his radio.

TIMES SQUARE MOTORMAN
Yeah, this is the eleven-thirty out of Woodlawn ...

INT. RTO COMMAND

The motorman is coming over Zioli's speaker.

MOTORMAN (VO)
We been sittin' here for ten minutes, what's goin' on up there ...

ZIOLI'S POV - THE BIG BOARD

59th St. lit, followed by six train stations behind it all registering trains at the platform. 59th St. is holding up the entire northbound line.

ZIOLI
Ho shit ... the Money Train.

INT. TRAIN TUNNEL

The Money Train sitting there a quarter mile north of the 59th street station.

John and Jackie hustling the tape-bound motorman and conductor into the desolate maintenance room across the way, swiftly binding their feet.

JACKIE
(whispering to the conductor as he secures his bindings)
I gotta do it, Harry ... he'll kill us all ...

David squats over the motorman as he scans Kay Sean's notes. He takes the motorman's MTA I.D. card and rifles his pockets until he finds a wrench-like tool (the acceleration key) and a ratchet-like tool (the brake release key).

INT. HERALD SQUARE STATION - SAME TIME

The milling pissed off crowd.

CLOSE ON John, as we hear an announcement over the scratchy semi-incoherent P.A. system.

CLERK
We are sorry for the delay. There's a disabled train outside the 59th Street station on the northbound track. We hope to have it moving shortly.

JOHN
(to David, to himself)
... you stupid motherfucker ...

John bolts for the street.

INT. GRACIE MANSION BALCONY

Patterson chatting. His beeper goes off. His face gets dark; not now, not tonight.

INT. MONEY TRAIN IN THE TUNNEL

Jackie tossing off money bags as David, straddling the cars, uses a cutter key on the uncoupling valve to separate the Money Train into two unattached cars. As he's performing this little bit of sabotage, he's talking to RTO Command on a portable radio, actually reading a script prepared for him by Kay Sean.

DAVID
Yeah, this is
(consulting the I.D.)
Fred Brown, we just went into emergency, the train won't charge, I'm gonna do a walkaround, call you when I get back into position, OK? I don't think it's nothing ... I'll call you right back.

EXT. SEVENTH AVENUE AND 40TH STREET

John running directly north.

WE SEE the seething mass of humanity still rockin' directly in his path at Times Square.

JOHN
(hesitating)
Oh, man ...

Then, John picks up speed, hits the writhing wall of people as if he's trying to dive through a wave.

ANGLE

John slipping, sliding, elbowing his way deeper and deeper into the mob, trying to muscle himself out the north end of this thing and have a free run from 45th St. to 59th St. where David has got the Money Train.

INT. RTO COMMAND

Donald Patterson, still in formal wear and mightily pissed, charges into the room, brushing past Kowalski and Zioli and the others.

PATTERSON
Put me on with the motorman.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE

John is still battling his way through the packed humanity.

Finally he pops through the back of the crowd.

JOHN'S POV

It looks like smooth sailing from here straight up to 59th St. save for five drunk shitheads eyeing him, moving in, one producing a bat.

THUG
Beg for your <u>life</u>, yo ...

John pulls out his service revolver, puts it in the guy's face.

JOHN
Beg for <u>yours</u> ...

INT. MONEY TRAIN TUNNEL

David is wedging big triangular wood chocks in front of the wheels of the rear car to prevent it rolling.

Jackie's still flinging bags off the train. There's a huge pile now resting along the tunnel wall near the emergency ladder.

David's radio comes to life.

The following conversation is INTERCUT between the tunnel and RTO Command.

PATTERSON
This is Donald Patterson, Chief Revenue Officer, who the hell is this and what is happening?

David gestures to Jackie to pull a J-handle protruding under the rear car, pantomiming the act as he responds to Patterson.

DAVID
Yeah, this is Fred Brown, we got ah
(scrambling through his notes)
we're ... recharging the brakes, waiting for the governor valve to kick in the compressor, we should be rolling in a few ...

ANGLE

Jackie yanking the J-handle. We hear a loud jackhammer type-noise as the brakes are bled of all air compression.

Jackie jumps back a country mile.

PATTERSON
You are totally responsible for every dime on that train, do you understand me?

DAVID
(smiling)
Oh I hear that, OK.

ANGLE

Jackie moving to the front car yanking the J-handle on that car.

ANGLE

The brakes releasing; steel tubular clamps relaxing and withdrawing from their grip on the wheels, which would be fine, except David didn't say nothing about losing the brakes on the front car.

INT. RTO COMMAND

Patterson at the console, standing there frowning, smelling a rat.

PATTERSON
(to Kowalski)
Boot me up Fred Brown's personnel file.

INT. 59TH ST./COLUMBUS CIRCLE STATION

John winded sopping wet staggers down the stairs onto the packed angry platform.

John leans into the tunnel trying to see the Money Train up ahead. Can't see nothing. Jogs to the end of the platform, tries again. Still can't see the train, but one of the orange painted insulation joints catches his eye -- there's a tall can wedged in there, and he can read the implications.

John jumps off the platform, disappears into the tunnel.

INT. MONEY TRAIN SITE

CLOSE ON David, taking two of his clotheslines (with the hooks at either end) from his gym bag. He pierces four money bags with the hooks and drapes the two ropes around his neck so that he's got a double money yoke dangling down his sides, forty thousand dollars flopping against his ribs. Staggering slightly, he moves for the ladder and begins his ascent to the exit hatch.

JACKIE
(freaking)
Where you goin'! You got to tie me up, man. Something ...

David's radio comes to life as David is halfway up the ladder.

The following INTERCUT with RTO.

DAVID
(into the radio)
Yo ...

PATTERSON
(holding a printout)
Yeah, this is Donald Patterson again. Brown, where do you live?

DAVID
(thrown)
Where do I live?

PATTERSON
Give me your home address.

DAVID
(eyeing how close he is to the escape hatch. What the hell)
Why, you want to ask me for a date?

David turns off the radio and climbs in earnest for the hatch.

JACKIE
What about me!

DAVID
I'll be right down.

INT. RTO COMMAND

PATTERSON
(livid)
They're hittin' the train.
(to Kowalski)
What do you have close to Columbus Circle?

KOWALSKI
Sergeant O'Riley's got a Decoy Unit working the 34th Street station --

PATTERSON
Get him. When he reaches 59th Street, I want him on the horn to me. Move!

INT. EMERGENCY LADDER

David climbing with his forty thousand dollar burden.

He pushes open the hatch -- a whoosh of night air.

DAVID'S POV

He sees hooves ... horse hooves. What the hell?

David tracks the line of the hooves all the way up to see three mounted cops -- hiding out in the park, copping an unscheduled break; cracking beers and shooting the shit. No exit here. It's all over, baby blue.

CLOSE ON David -- stunned, devastated.

David carefully closes the hatch, starts to descend then pauses as he sees ...

John, gasping for air, glaring up at him from the bottom of the ladder.

DAVID
(grinning through his despair)
Now how did I know someway, somehow, you'd show up ...

David makes it down off the ladder, unyokes himself and flings the four money bags away from himself down the tunnel wall.

ANGLE

The tossed money bags, nesting all by themselves half in shadow some distance from the main money bag pile.

JACKIE
What happened up there ...

DAVID
This is an idea that's come before it's time ... we're fucked.

INT. 34TH STREET PLATFORM

O'Riley watching one of the decoys do the victim, blending into a crowd. There's people everywhere. O'Riley's mobile phone rings. Angry, O'Riley punches it:

O'RILEY
This is a secure number. Who the hell --
(listens)
Yeah. Yeah. yeah. All right.
(shouting)
Abort the operation. Everybody come with me.

O'Riley takes off, heading for some stairs, pushing through the crowd, the decoy unit following:

INT. THE MONEY TRAIN

The three of them.

DAVID
(to John)
So ... what's it gonna be, a lecture? Or a punch out ...

JOHN
(strangely defeated, subdued, this is his destiny)
C'mon, we got to get you out of here ...

David, expecting God knows what from John, is shaken by John's lack of reproach. In fact, it undoes him. He can't meet his brother's eyes.

JACKIE
What about me ... I can't go nowhere ... I'm not part of this ... One of you guys got to do me.

JOHN
What?

JACKIE
I can't go with you. They know I'm with this train. Tie me up or something, make me a victim ...

DAVID
(nodding no way)
You'll give us up.

JACKIE
Hey I give you up, you're gonna give me up .. so ...

David and John finally look at each other.

JOHN
Jackie ... look at David.

As Jackie turns his head as directed, John clips him on the jaw, knocking him unconscious.

JOHN (contd)
Let's go ...

They start to pick their way back towards the 59th St. platform hoping to slip into the crowd, but before they make too much progress, they see the jerky lights of O'Riley's decoy squad walking the track towards the Money Train.

DAVID
Shit ...

They run back to the train, past the groaning semi-conscious Jackie.

DAVID (contd)
(hopping onto the detached front car)
C'mon, we can take this, get out somewheres up the line.

John doesn't move. He doesn't know what to do, how deep things can get.

DAVID (contd)
C'mon, this time of night we can roll eight, nine stations before we trip behind another train. We can make some miles ...

John still looks jammed.

DAVID (contd)
(on the car, begging)
John, I can't do this without you ...
please, man, help me out here ...
(from his heart)
one last time.

They can hear O'Riley coming closer -- it's now or never.

John comes on board.

INT. MOTORMAN'S BOOTH ON THE MONEY TRAIN - FRONT CAR

David and John looking down at the brake release, and acceleration systems. David holds the two tool-like keys he took from the motorman in one hand, and Kay Sean's notes and diagrams in the other.

He plugs one of the keys into the brake system and turns the handle from "charge" to "running release." The car gives a little lurch. He then fits the other key into the acceleration system and moves that handle from "off" to "series" and the car moves out.

[Author's Note -- the three speed settings on a subway train are "series" (8-10 mph), "parallel" (10-18 mph) and "multiple" (18-40 mph).]

INT. RTO COMMAND

The Big Board. The line of stacked trains extending from 59th St. back now to 14th St.

Suddenly WE SEE 66th St. light up without 59th St. losing its blue light; as if 59th St. gave birth to another train.

Kowalski and the dispatchers are riveted.

ZIOLI
What the hell ...

PATTERSON
(red-faced)
They split my train ... those bastards split my train ... where the fuck is O'Riley?

INT. MONEY TRAIN REAR CAR IN THE TUNNEL

O'Riley is squatting over Jackie, who's sitting up on the tracks, a bloody gauze to the side of his head.

O'RILEY
(on the mobile to Patterson)
Yeah, all's we got is the rear car, up on chocks, the conductor and motorman were tied up and the officer on board was hurt pretty bad. We're working on him now.

PATTERSON
What about the money? Where's the goddamn money!?

O'RILEY
Well ...

ANGLE

The pile of money bags abandoned alongside the tracks, some of O'Riley's squad running their lights along its bulk as others tend to the motorman and conductor.

O'RILEY (contd)
There's a shit load right here, I can't swear that's all there was or nothin'.

PATTERSON
You can't swear, huh? Well, whatever there is, is now is your personal responsibility, O'Riley, you understand me?

O'RILEY
(shrugging)
Whatever you say ...

Patterson disconnects.

JACKIE
(to O'Riley)
Tommy, let me ask you, in your professional opinion ... would you call this injury, "job-related"?

O'RILEY
Of course.

JACKIE
Right. So, if I have to retire 'cause of it ... this is a three quarters line of duty medical discharge if you ever saw one, correct?

O'RILEY
(laughing)
So it was just one guy?

JACKIE
A big ninja-looking son of a bitch in a ski-mask.

O'RILEY
White or black?

JACKIE
(implacable)
The guy's got a mask on ...

INT. MONEY TRAIN CAB

They're rolling. David is flipping through Kay Sean's notes. John is staring straight ahead at the approaching tracks.

JOHN
Get this thing movin' faster.

DAVID
No way. We got to keep in series, otherwise ...

They pass the 66th St. station and see two revenue collection agents gawking at this one car non-stop Money Train. One agent fumbles for his radio.

JOHN
(dry)
Otherwise what ... we might draw attention to ourselves?

DAVID
Shit, man, they're watchin' us on the Big Board right now. I just want to get far enough up the line so we can jump ship before they can set up for us.

INT. RTO COMMAND

CLOSE ON the Big Board.

The blue light path of the runaway car. 72nd St. light going out, the approach light to 79th St. going on.

ANGLE

Patterson, Kowalski and the other dispatchers watching the progress of the car.

PATTERSON
Get me the 96th Street tower.

Kowalski punches in a connection and we hear from Zioli's speaker:

VOICE
Tower ...

PATTERSON
(still transfixed by the Board)
You got a one car train heading for you just coming into 79th Street. I want you to throw the home ball at him, trip his brakes.

INT. TOWER AT 96TH ST.

A glass enclosed operations center. The operator punches a button. A red light goes on.

INT. TRAIN TRACKS SOUTH OF 96TH ST.

WE SEE A foot high trip arm automatically rise to an upright position on the tracks.

INT. RTO COMMAND

Patterson talking to Kowalski while watching the Board.

PATTERSON
I want cops at 86th, at 96th, at 103rd and at 110. Call it in.

ZIOLI
Chief Patterson? Do you think this is political or criminal?

Patterson slowly fixes Zioli with his laser eyes.

ZIOLI (contd)
(faltering)
I think it's maybe connected to the World Trade Center? Maybe not ...

PATTERSON
(icy)
Would you be so kind as to remove that unbelievably stupid party hat from your head?

ZIOLI
(blushing)
It's so light I forgot I had it on.

INT. TRACKS SOUTH OF 96TH ST.

CLOSE ON the trip arm standing upright.

ANGLE

CLOSE ON The trip arm catcher -- a metal rod extending from the outside of the Money Train (when this makes contact with the raised trip arm on the tracks ahead, it "trips" the brakes). The Money Train is flying.

ANGLE - THE MONEY TRAIN CAB

John and David tense, unawares that their brakes are about to be tripped.

ANGLE

The catcher extending from the train, approaching the trip arm. Then contact, with a loud click, then nothing, the Money Train blasting right through 96th St.

INT. THE TOWER

The operator open-mouthed watching the Money Train blast through the station as police belatedly start to pile onto the platform.

ANGLE

Tower operator on the horn to RTO and Patterson.

OPERATOR
Hell, it might just be signal trouble but the way that thing shot through here? I don't think the damn car had no brakes on it.

INT. MONEY TRAIN

Flying. The guys knotty. The car squeals as it takes a slight bend in the tunnel.

JOHN
You best downshift before we derail ...

David consults his notes, turns the accelerator key handle to "off," slides the brake handle back to charge ("neutral").

The train continues to rocket.

JOHN (contd)
Slow it down!

DAVID
I did.

They rocket past the 103rd St. stop -- and see dozens of police waiting on the platform.

DAVID (contd)
Shit ...

John locks eyes with David.

DAVID (contd)
Something happened to the brakes.

JOHN
What something ...

DAVID
(burying his nose in Kay Sean's notes, nothing there)
I don't know, John.

They fly through the 110th St. station blasting past dozens of cops again.

ANGLE

Front view -- the car screaming on the rails almost kissing the flanking girder columns.

JOHN
(dead cold)
You just killed us, you happy?

David can't answer.

JOHN (contd)
You wanted to see how far I would go to save you? I'm followin' you straight into hell ... you satisfied now?

DAVID
(just as angry)
Are you?
(tortured beat)
You didn't have to be here, John.

JOHN
But you weren't surprised to see me, were you ...
(beat)
were you ...

David doesn't answer.

After a beat of tense silence, John suddenly grabs Kay Sean's notes out of David's hands and flings them across the car in disgust -- at David, at himself.

DAVID
(with difficulty)
Look ... they gotta know we don't have brakes by now ... they see where we are on the Board.
(beat)
There's a spur track coming up forking off the 125th St. station ... they'll probably switch our tracks, run us on the spur ... it's a straight run of fifty yards into a bumper block ... after we hit the block?
(weakly)
We can try to make a run for it.

JOHN
You mean like, after we take all this speed dead into a block and crash, we can just duck out and run for it, huh?

David opens his mouth, nothing comes out.

INT. RTO COMMAND

Patterson and Co. following the Board.

The Money Train is at 116th St.

PATTERSON
Where's the nearest passenger train ahead of them?

KOWALSKI
The 12:20 New Lots is coming into 149th Street.

ANOTHER DISPATCHER
You got a spur track at 125th. Let's just run 'em off into the bumper block.

PATTERSON
(hesitating, holding the phone to his chest)
Get me the tower again.

INT. 125TH ST. STATION - ESTABLISHING SHOT

All is still -- no cops.

ANGLE

The spur track -- 50 yards of train track running parallel to the track coming into the platform but ending bluntly in a massive block of rock -- it's a crash bumper for runaway trains.

ANGLE

Track crossroads -- about 100 yards before the 125th St. station. The tracks veering left run into the bumper, to the right, the platform.

ANGLE

The Money Train rocketing towards the crossroads.

INT. MONEY TRAIN

David and John braced for the track switch, braced for the impact.

ANGLE

The crossroads -- the Money Train bearing down at swooning speed.

ANGLE

John and David big-eyed -- hypnotized by velocity.

CLOSE ON David -- grabbing his brother's hand.

ANGLE

The bumper block waiting for them, massive, impassive.

ANGLE

Money Train bearing down on the crosstracks; left is collision, right is free sailing.

ANGLE

John and David transfixed, braced.

ANGLE

The train hitting the crossroads -- blasting through on the right. No switch-off onto the spur.

INT. MONEY TRAIN

David and John screaming with relief as the car flies ahead on the straightaway, bypassing the bumper block which they can see parallel to them through the forest of girder supports.

JOHN
(high, but getting paranoid)
How come they didn't switch us, man?

DAVID
Who cares ...

JOHN
(blinky, nervous)
Turn on your radio ...

INT. RTO COMMAND

Patterson is still holding the phone to his chest, staring at the Board.

KOWALSKI
(flipping)
Why didn't you throw them on the spur?

PATTERSON
Because we can't set up on 125th in time -- they could've gotten away and <u>that</u> ain't happenin'.
(to Zioli)
Get me the motorman on the 12:20.

ZIOLI
Command to 12:20, Command to 12:20.

All he hears back is static.

ZIOLI (contd)
(to Patterson)
He's in a dead spot. I don't think we can get through.

STATICKY VOICE OVER THE SPEAKER
12:20 to Command ...

PATTERSON
Motorman, this is Command ...

CLOSE ON the Big Board.

WE SEE the 12:20 pulling out of 149th St., the Money Train flying through 135th St. starting to nip at its heels.

PATTERSON (contd)
(to motorman in VO as we watch the blue lights play on the Board)
Motorman, when you get to Jackson Avenue, I want you to discharge your passengers and pull out of the station at parallel speed ...

INT. MONEY TRAIN

David and John listening to Patterson on their radio.

PATTERSON (contd)
(to 12:20 motorman)
I want you to maintain parallel speed until you hear from me.

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB - 12:20 TRAIN - AHEAD OF THE MONEY CAR

The motorman is trying to listen to Patterson over his radio but the reception is pure white noise.

All we hear is fragments of language.

MOTORMAN
(to himself)
What the fuck ...,
(to Patterson)
You're breakin' up, Command ...

INT. MONEY TRAIN

The radio is still on, David and John listening in.

DAVID
(astonished)
Is that son of a bitch setting up a crash train?

INT. RTO COMMAND

KOWALSKI
(screaming)
You can't do that! You got people on that train!

PATTERSON
(cooly)
He's got enough time to discharge everybody at Jackson. If he maintains parallel speed coming out of Jackson by the time the Money Train catches up it's only gonna be moving about ten miles an

PATTERSON (contd)
hour faster than the 12:20. So alls is gonna happen is the Money Train whackin' the 12:20 in the ass a few times, slowin' down from the impact, slowin' down, slowin' down, then we get the 12:20 to downshift a little more, take a few more whacks, that runaways gonna turn into the pokey puppy with nowhere to run, nowhere to hide until we got it stopped dead. Hey, it might even hook up on the coupling valve, become the eleventh car ... the point is ...

KOWALSKI
(cutting him off)
I can't believe you didn't throw 'em on the spur.

PATTERSON
(cutting him off)
The point is ... I want these bastards. And I want to control just where they're gonna stop 'cause I'm gonna be there when they do.

DISPATCHER
(almost begging)
At least tell the motorman he's drivin' a crash train.

PATTERSON
No way. The guy might panic and run off the train with his passengers at Jackson. Look ... he's not gonna feel a thing. He's ten cars ahead of the impact ...

EXT. END OF THE SUBWAY TUNNEL

WE SEE the 12:20 crash train bust out of the tunnel, starting the climb to the elevated part of it's run in the South Bronx

ANGLE - THE 12:20 MOTORMAN IN HIS CAB

ANGLE - THE LAST CAR OF THE 12:20

A PAN of the people; napping, yakking, necking. Happy New Year.

EXT. JACKSON AVENUE PLATFORM

The 12:20 pulling in, the doors hissing open, a trickle of people exiting, conductor peeking out, the doors hissing shut -- no announcement, no evacuation.

EXT. THE TUNNEL MOUTH

Now WE SEE the Money Train come shooting up and out into the night -- seemingly going a hell of a lot faster than the passenger train that preceded it -- as if it's chasing it.

EXT. THE 12:20

pulling out of Jackson Avenue.

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB

CLOSE ON the accelerator panel, the handle on "series" speed -- too slow.

INT. RTO COMMAND

All eyes riveted on the Board -- the 12:20 leaving Jackson, the Money Train about three stations behind.

PATTERSON
Motorman, this is Command ... did you discharge your passengers at Jackson?

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB

MOTORMAN
Did I what? Hell, no ...

PATTERSON
(coming over the radio)
I told you to discharge your passengers at Jackson and maintain parallel speed.

MOTORMAN
And I told you that you was breakin' up. I didn't hear you say shit ...

INT. RTO COMMAND

PATTERSON
(livid, into speaker)
Then open your ears, you goddamn moron!

MOTORMAN
(over the speaker in RTO)
Who the fuck you callin' a moron, you duck-foot potato-teeth-lookin' piece a shit!

The dispatchers look away hiding smirks.

PATTERSON
(with great effort)
I want you to discharge your passengers at Simpson Street. Then I want you to pull out at parallel speed, maintain parallel speed until you hear from me, do you understand?

MOTORMAN
(over speaker)
Yeah, I hear you, I ain't deaf.
(beat)
What the hell's goin' on?

KOWALSKI
(referring to the Board)
They don't have time to discharge anybody now, that bastards flyin' right behind them.

PATTERSON
(fuming)
Motorman, this is Command again ...

INT. MONEY TRAIN

John and David listening to Patterson over the radio.

PATTERSON (contd, VO)
I want you to bypass Simpson Street. I want you to hit multiple speed right now and bypass all stops until you hear from me, do you understand?

MOTORMAN
(on radio)
What the hell is goin' on, Command?

DAVID
That maniac's setting up a crash train with passengers on board?

INT. RTO COMMAND

PATTERSON
(squinting at the Board)
What do you guess the Money Train's hittin' right now, about forty? With the crash train rollin' at about thirty in multiple, they should start making contact at ... 177th Street station, maybe 180th ... I like 180th ...
(MORE)

PATTERSON (contd)
(to Kowalski)
I want police at 174, 177, 180, Bronx Park East ... call it in then get me a car, I'm goin' to the 180th Street station, watch the trains roll in.

KOWALSKI
(pleading)
At least have the conductor move the passengers out of the rear of the train.

PATTERSON
No. I Tell him that he'll figure it out. I can't risk that. I don't like panic.

EXT. SIMPSON ST.

Elevated station -- empty. Here comes the 12:20. Barrels into the station, keeps on flying without stopping.

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB

Motorman muttering curses.

INT. REAR CAR

Somebody standing by the door wanting to get off at Simpson watching the station fly by, banging on the door.

A young couple is dancing to a boom box. A baby cries.

INT. MONEY TRAIN

David and John freaking.

JOHN
They're settin' up for us, man. They know where we're gonna start hittin' and they're gonna be <u>right</u> there.

DAVID
OK ... OK ... here it is ... you know how we get out of this? We gotta bump 'em sooner than they gotta expect. We hit the crash train be<u>fore</u> where they're figuring.

JOHN
How the hell we do that?

DAVID
(hand on the accelerator)
Go faster ...

CLOSE ON David's hand at the accelerator panel moving the handle from series speed all the way out to multiple speed.

EXT. SHARP CURVE ON ELEVATED TRACKS

-- the rail almost kissing a building. The 12:20 coming up on it.

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB

CLOSE ON the motorman's hands, dropping the accelerator handle to off and the break handle to "charge" -- slowing down to negotiate the curve.

MOTORMAN
(muttering)
Multiple speed my ass ...

INT. REAR PASSENGER CAR

More people banging on the doors, pissed off.

CLOSE ON the conductor marching through the cars, heading for the motorman's cab, besieged by angry passengers wanting to know what the hell's going on.

EXT. STREET BELOW 174TH ST. STATION
TA cops running up the stairs to set up on the platform.

EXT. THE MONEY TRAIN FLYING IN MULTIPLE SPEED

All of a sudden coming up onto the sharp curve on the elevated that the 12:20 had to slow down for.

David and John bellowing in terror.

CLOSE ON David -- downing the accelerator to "off," the brake to "charge," but there is no brake.

The brake is fucking useless and they stand there helpless as the Money Train takes the curve at a reeling tottering centrifugal tilt barely hanging onto the rails instead of flying off into space, then finally righting itself on the straightaway.

JOHN
(gasping)
Stay out of multiple speed, OK?

DAVID
(gasping)
What?

JOHN
Stay out of multiple speed ...

DAVID
No multiple speed ...
(beat)
We're fucked ... we're gonna hook up with the crash train right where they want us to ...

INT. 12:20 CRASH TRAIN

The conductor banging on the motorman's cab doors, the motorman opening up.

CONDUCTOR
What the hell is goin' on?

MOTORMAN
Command ain't tellin' me shit ... they just said bypass at multiple speed so ...

INT. REAR CAR 12:20 CRASH TRAIN

People pissed -- all sorts of ruckus.

One teenager goes to pull the emergency brake, while his friend peers out the rear window.

WE SEE the kid looking out, his eyes going big.

REVERSE ANGLE

The Money Train looming up fast right in his face.

The kid wheels and grabs his friend's hand before the kid can pull the emergency cord and cause a major crash by stopping the train cold.

INT. MONEY TRAIN

JOHN
(yelling at David)
Slow this thing down!

WE SEE the 12:20 straight ahead.

DAVID
I can't! We got too much momentum!

EXT. STREET AROUND THE 180TH ST. STATION

Patterson getting out of a police car talking on a hand radio to the 12:20 motorman.

PATTERSON
Where are you now ...

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB

ANGLE

The train passing the 174th St. platform covered with cops.

MOTORMAN
I'm comin' out of 174th passin' a shit-load of police ... What the hell is goin' on?

PATTERSON (VO)
(on the radio)
OK ... I want you to downshift to series speed, bypass 177th.

MOTORMAN
(pissed)
Downshift ...

WE SEE the accelerator handle move, the brake handle move.

PATTERSON (VO)
And I want you pulling in at 180th Street.

INT. FRONT CAR

One of the rear car teens comes flying in through the connecting doors.

TEENAGER
Man, you got to go faster!

CONDUCTOR
What?

TEENAGER
You got some yellow train on your ass, you got to go faster!

The motorman ducks his head out the cab door.

MOTORMAN
What yellow train ...

INT. MONEY TRAIN

David and John brace themselves as the Money Train closes in and crashes into the rear car of the 12:20.

INT. REAR CAR

People screaming, rolling on the floor, bouncing off the walls -- panic and pandemonium.

INT. MONEY TRAIN

John and David go flying.

EXT. THE CRASH TRAIN

-- rolling through 177th St. The platform covered with cops.

WE SEE the Money Train smack into the rear car of the crash-train two-three times before they clear the station.

INT. REAR CAR OF CRASH TRAIN

The conductor stands there transfixed, as the Money Train closes in for another slam.

The conductor comes to life, yelling for everybody to move out of the car, pushing people into the safety of the middle cars.

INT. MONEY TRAIN

John and David eyeing the cops on either side of the tracks, bracing for another collision.

The Money Train, although still flying, is somewhat slowing down from the accumulated collisions.

At this rate it'll be at a dead stop when they come to the next station which is where Patterson is waiting.

Suddenly, David moves for a window, slides it open.

DAVID
(half out the window)
John! C'mon!

JOHN
What the hell you doin'!

DAVID
(extending his hand to his brother)
My turn to save your ass.

INT. CRASH TRAIN FRONT CAR

The conductor barking out the situation to the motorman.

MOTORMAN
I got what!
(on the radio)
Yo, Command! Answer, motherfuckers!

EXT. MONEY TRAIN

WE SEE David, worming out the window, struggling to crawl up onto the roof of the Money Train -- the wind flattening his face.

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB - CRASH TRAIN

MOTORMAN
(barking into his radio)
Command! Who the hell made me a got-damn crash train!

INT. RTO COMMAND

ZIOLI
(at the console)
Oh you must mean Donald Patterson ...
(blithely)
Hold on, he wants to talk to you, too.

EXT. MONEY TRAIN

David belly down on top of the train, watching John wiggle out of the window.

David extends a hand to help John up to the roof but just as John gets more than half his body out the window, the Money Train slams into the crash train again, throwing David off the roof of the car.

David is now hanging by one hand, his body bouncing off the siding of the Money Train; John hanging free below him, the only thing separating John from being dashed to death on the tracks is David's sweaty vein-popping grip.

WE SEE John crawl up David's body, make it to the roof and then haul David up after him.

EXT. 180TH ST. PLATFORM

Cops taking up positions, Patterson pacing like a cat.

WE CAN SEE, in the distance, the 12:20 train heading for the station, the Money Train kissing-close behind, still bumping it, the yellow paint job making it stand out in the night.

PATTERSON
(on the radio)
Patch me through to the motorman.

EXT. ROOF OF MONEY TRAIN

John and David coiled like cats, as if they're recreating their childhood train surfing experience.

They wait until the next collision, bracing themselves ...

The trains smack and they leap from the Money Train to the roof of the rear car of the crash train, start slipping, scrambling for balance, each of them clawing for a hold, clawing for each other. They begin belly crawling to the front of the rear car ...

INT. REAR TRAIN CAR

Looking out at the small platform between cars.

Just as in their childhood escapade, WE SEE John drop from above and land between the now-deserted rear cars.

EXT. CAR ROOF

David poised to drop, hesitating, fear coming into his face.

ANGLE - THE TINY PLATFORMS

David finally dropping.

DAVID'S POV

He lands and there's the same big slob of a TA detective that grabbed him and John when they were kids.

The detective leers down at him. He's a ten-foot giant. He reaches to grab David's shirt ...

David's shirt abruptly grabbed by John.

JOHN
C'mon!

David blinks; the detective was a hallucination.

ANGLE

David and John barreling through the cars heading for the front car as far away from the Money Train as possible.

EXT. PLATFORM

Patterson, bug-eyed with anticipation, the crash train about 500 yards from the station, the Money Train car at this point, a tame little pokey puppy at its rear.

PATTERSON
(on the radio)
I want you to ease on in ...

INT. CRASH TRAIN - FRONT CAR

MOTORMAN
(responding on radio)
Patterson! You made me a motherfuckin' crash train, you got-damn piece of shit! I got live people on this thing!

PATTERSON
(on radio)
You just watch your mouth and do what the fuck I tell you to ...

ANGLE

John and David, disheveled, shaky, standing outside the motorman's cab listening in.

The cab door is ajar.

The motorman, besides himself with anger, leans his body out the window.

EXT. REVERSE ANGLE - ABOUT 200 YARDS FORM THE STATION

WE SEE the motorman with his entire upper body hanging out his window thrust both his arm and his finger to Patterson on the platform -- a real heart and soul fuck you gesture.

MOTORMAN
(bellowing, but tinny because of the distance)
Patterson! You can kiss my chicken-fried ass!

INT. FRONT CAR

John and David hanging outside the ajar cab door. The motorman still hangs out his window.

Suddenly John reaches into the cab and flips a switch from "motorman" to "train," which puts all radio conversation onto a P.A. system that broadcasts over the speakers in every car.

The motorman drops back in his cab muttering.

MOTORMAN
(on the radio)
Patterson ...

He notices the P.A. switch and moves to flick it back to private transmission.

John stays his hand. The motorman looks to the interloper, but then gets what John is driving at. He leaves the transmission on Public Address.

MOTORMAN (contd)
(over the P.A. but talking to Patterson)
Man, how the hell can you do that to people ...

The motorman winks at John.

ANGLE

John and David taking seats in the front car, staring at each other, blending themselves into the mass of freaked-out humanity as we hear over the P.A.:

PATTERSON
I'll do whatever the hell I deem necessary. That's my goddamn train, my goddamn reputation, my goddamn money, you disrespectful son of a bitch! Now get your ass into the station and keep your goddamn mouth shut!

ANGLE

A PAN of all the cars on the 12:20, the people riveted by Patterson's rantings over the P.A. system.

MOTORMAN
(cooly now, playing for the crowds)
What kinda man don't care if people live or die ...

PATTERSON
(over P.A.)
I told you to discharge your passengers at Jackson Avenue. You clearly disobeyed a direct order from Command.

MOTORMAN
(over P.A.)
Command shit. I didn't hear you. You knew I didn't hear you, you could've off-tracked that runaway onto a spur. You supposed to off track it on a spur.

INT. FIRST CAR

David and John listening with everybody else.

PATTERSON
(on P.A.)
Who the hell are you to tell me my job...

MOTORMAN
(over P.A.)
You ain't gonna have a job, come I get off this train, you unhuman bastard.

PATTERSON
(over P.A.; getting hysterical)
Do you have any idea who you're talking to? This is Donald Patterson, Chief Revenue Officer.

PASSENGER NEXT TO DAVID
That's the guy gonna be the new city comptroller? Shit, man.

DAVID'S POV

He sees across the car, one of those posters of the newly elected mayor "First, The People" emblazoned across his dome.

DAVID
(eyeing John, chanting)
First the People, first the People, first the People ...

John looks aghast at David drawing attention to himself like this, but someone else picks up the sarcastic chant and pretty soon the whole car is chanting in anger.

A PAN of the other cars as the train finally slides into the 180th St. station.

Everyone chanting, "First the People."

As we hear Patterson ranting over the P.A.:

PATTERSON
(oblivious, over the P.A.)
You have no say in this! You do your goddamn job! And don't you threaten me 'cause I'll have your ass on welfare so fast ...

PEOPLE
First the People ... First the People

INT. FRONT CAR

The chanting gets louder and louder as the train rolls to a stop, a gauntlet of police materializing out the windows.

John and David look at each other across the car and, as if by telepathic communion, they both simultaneously transform themselves into drunks a la the decoy squad.

And when the doors of the car finally open, they blend into the mass of exhausted furious chanting passengers now pouring onto the platform.

They are in disguise, so to speak, utterly transformed, waltzing right through an army of cops, some of which probably know them.

ANGLE

Patterson and tactical squad cops rushing into the abandoned Money Train car.

PATTERSON
(foaming)
Where the fuck they go!

The cops stand there helpless.

EXT. PLATFORM

Patterson charging through the crowd, wall-eyed, desperately searching for the culprits, <u>blindly</u> searching for the culprits, whoever they are.

One of the discharged passengers recognizes him and starts up the chanting again.

PASSENGER
(in Patterson's face)
First the People! First the People!

Others pick up the chant, begin hemming him in.

ALL
First the People! First the People!

PATTERSON
(berserk, <u>politically ruined</u>)
<u>Fuck</u> the People!

ANGLE

John and David backing away, ready to slip out of this scene when David gets the devil in his eye.

JOHN
C'mon.

DAVID
Wait a sec ...

JOHN
(freaked)
David!

David, in decoy drunk mode, baiting the beast, works his way through the angry crowd surrounding Patterson and goes right in his face.

DAVID
(acting totally drunk)
You know where the nearest bus stop is?

Patterson is too distracted to register David and his question, but as David turns away, some faint glimmer of recognition comes into Patterson's face ...

And just before he can reach out, get a better look at David, he's distracted by the flash of a camera, but even then he's still staring after David until someone throws a punch and down he goes.

The police jump on Patterson's attacker -- the motorman of 12:20 crash train out of New Lots Avenue.

EXT. QUIET BRONX STREET THREE BLOCKS AWAY FROM THE 180TH ST. STATION - 10 MINUTES LATER

John and David walking it off against a backdrop of riot-gated storefronts.

We can hear wisps of riot-noise from the platform of the 180th St. station.

A police car flies by, a Transit Authority rescue squad van, a fire truck, and last but not least, a WABC Eyewitness News van.

DAVID
(arm around his brother)
You want to hear something crazy?

JOHN
How'm I supposed to answer that ...

DAVID
I think I want to take the sergeant's test again. When's the next one, six months?

JOHN
I thought you were going to Santo Domingo?

DAVID
Are you kiddin' me? I don't even got enough money for the subway.

JOHN
Me neither.

DAVID
Besides, I got to go visit Kay Sean in the hospital.

JOHN
What happened to Kay Sean?

DAVID
New York happened to Kay Sean.
(beat)
Hey ... How much is the new subway fare again?

JOHN
A dollar seventy-five ...

DAVID
Sheesh ... that's criminal.

* * *

INT. TRAIN TUNNEL - SOME TIME IN THE FUTURE

It's the location of the Money Train heist that failed.

WE SEE the emergency ladder David tried to use.

WE SCAN the rocky walls; debris, a rat, then the four money bags that David tried to get up into the park and wound up flinging into the darkness in a gesture of frustration. We can recognize them by the clothesline rigging that David used to carry them on his shoulders as a money-yoke.

HOLD ON the abandoned cash.

We hear footsteps echoing in the tunnel. We hear whistling. We hear the rumble of an approaching train. The whistling stops, then the train flies by our eyes in a blur of velocity, hiding the money bags from our view.

The train flies out of frame.

There's the money bags again.

The whistling resumes, the whistler getting closer.

The whistler comes into view ... sort of ... WE SEE him from the knees down -- dungarees, shoes. He stops in front of the bags (forty thousand bucks).

He stoops to lift them. WE SEE a denim jacketed arm ending in a gloved hand.

We hear him grunt as they settle on his shoulders.

As he strolls out of frame, we can hear his echoing tread, his fading whistle ...